THE NEEDLES EXCELLENCY
A New Booke wherein are diuers Admirable Workes wrought with the Needle. Newly inuented and cut in Copper for the pleasure and profit of the Industrious.
WISDOME
INDVSTRIE
FOLLIE
Printed for Iames Bale: and are to be sold at the Signe of the Marigold in Poules Churchyard
1631

THE PRAISE OF THE NEEDLE.

TO all diſperſed ſorts of ARTS and TRADES,
I write the Needles praiſe (that neuer fades)
So long as Children ſhall be got or borne,
So long as Garments ſhall be made, or worne,
So long as Hemp or Flax, or Sheepe ſhall beare
Their linnen-woollen fleeces yeare by yeare;
So long as Silk-worms, with exhauſted ſpoyle
Of their owne Entrailes, for mans gaine ſhall toyle:
Yea, till the world be quite diſſolu'd and paſt;
So long at leaſt, the Needles vſe ſhall laſt,
And though from Earth, his being did begin,
Yet through the fire he did his honour win:

The Praiſe of the Needle.

And vnto thoſe that doe his ſeruice lacke,
Hee's true as ſteele, and mettle to the backe.
He hath I perſe eye, ſmall ſingle ſight,
Yet like a Pigmey, *Polipheame* in fight:
As a ſtout Captaine, bravely he leades on,
(Not fearing colours) till the worke be done.
Through thicke and thinne he is moſt ſharpely ſet,
With ſpeede through ſtitch, hee will the Conqueſt get.
And as a Soldier (Frenchefyde with heate)
Maim'd, from the warres is forc'd to make retreate:
So when a Needles point is broke, and gone,
No poynt Mounſier, hee's maim'd, his worke is done.
And more the Needles honour to aduance,
It is a Taylors Iauelin, or his Launce.
And for my Countries quiet, I ſhould like,
That Women-kinde ſhould vſe no other Pike.
It will increaſe their peace, enlarge their ſtore,
To vſe their tongues leſſe, and their Needles more.

The

The Praiſe of the Needle.

The Needles ſharpeneſſe, profit yeelds, and pleaſure,
But ſharpeneſſe of the tongue, bites out of meaſure.
A Needle (though it be but ſmall and ſlender)
Yet is it both a maker and a mender;
A graue Reformer of old Rents decayde,
Stops holes and ſeames; and deſperate cuts diſplayde.
And thus without the Needle we may ſee,
We ſhould without our Bibbs and Biggings be;
No ſhirts or ſmockes, our nakedneſſe to hide,
No Garments gay, to make vs magnifyde;
No Shadowes, Shapparoones, Caules, Bands, Ruffes, Cuffes,
No Kerchiefes, Quoyfes, Chin-clowtes, or marry-Muffes,
No Croſ-cloathes, Aprons, Hand-kerchiefes, or Falls,
No Table-cloathes for Parlours or for Halls.
No Sheetes, no Towels, Napkins, Pillow-beares,
Nor any Garment man or woman weares.
Thus is a Needle prou'd an Inſtrument
Of profit, pleaſure, and of ornament:

The Praiſe of the Needle.

Which mighty Queenes haue grac'd in hand to take,
And high-borne Ladies ſuch eſteeme did make,
That as their Daughters Daughters vp did grow,
The Needles Art, they to their children ſhow.
And as 'twas then an exerciſe of praiſe,
So what deſerues more honour in theſe daies,
Then this? which daily doth it ſelfe expreſſe,
A mortall enemy to idleneſſe.
The vſe of Sewing is exceeding old,
As in the ſacred Text it is enrold:
Gen. 3.7. Our Parents firſt in Paradice began,
Which hath deſcended ſince from man to man:
The Mothers taught their Daughters, Sires their Sons,
Thus in a line ſucceſſiuely it runs
For generall profit, and for recreation,
Embroydery antient. From generation vnto generation.
With worke like Cherubims Embroidered rare,
Exod. 26.1. The Couers of the Tabernacle were.

And

The Praiſe of the Needle.

Chap.28.2, And by th' Almightie's great command, wee ſee,
3, 4, 5, 6. That *Aarons* Garments broydered worke ſhould be;
And further, God did bid his Veſtments ſhould
Be made moſt gay, and glorious to behold.
Thus plainely, and moſt truely is declar'd
The Needles workes hath ſtill bin in regard,
For it doth ART, ſo like to NATVRE frame,
As if IT were HER Siſter, or the SAME.
Flowers, Plants, and Fiſhes, Beaſts, Birds, Flyes, & Bees,
Hils, Dales, Plaines, Paſtures, Skies, Seas, Riuers, Trees:
There's nothing neere at hand, or fartheſt ſought,
But with the Needle, may be ſhap'd and wrought.
In clothes of Arras I haue often ſeene
Men figurde, counterfeits ſo like haue beene,
That if the parties ſelfe had bin in place,
Yet ART would vye with NATVRE for the grace.
Moreouer, Poeſies rare, and Annagrams,
Significque ſearching ſentences from Names,

The Praiſe of the Needle.

True Hiſtorie, or various pleaſant fiction
In ſundry colours mixt, with Arts comixion,
All in Dimenſion: Ouals, Squares, and Rounds,
Arts life included within Natures bounds;
So that Art ſeemeth meerely naturall,
In forming ſhapes ſo Geometricall.
And though our Country euery where is fil'd
With Ladies, and with Gentlewomen, skil'd
In this rare Art, yet here they may diſcerne
Some things to teach them, if they liſt to learne.
And as this Booke, ſome cunning workes doth teach,
(Too hard for meane capacities to reach)
I ſay here are the grounds and directions for many more workes then are in this Booke.
So for weake learners, other workes here be,
As plaine and eaſie as are A B C.
Thus skilfull, or vnskilfull, each may take
This Booke, and of it, each good vſe may make.
All ſorts of workes, almoſt that can be nam'd,
Here are directions how they may be fram'd:

And

The Praiſe of the Needle.

And for this Kingdomes good are hither come,
From the remoteſt parts of Chriſtendome.
Collected with much paines and induſtry,
From ſcorching *Spaine*, and freezing *Moſcouye*,
From fertill *France*, and pleaſant *Italy*,
From *Poland*, *Sweaden*, *Denmarke*, *Germany*,
And ſome of theſe rare Patternes haue bin fet
Beyond the bounds of faithleſſe *Mahomet*:
From ſpacious *China*, and thoſe Kingdomes Eaſt,
And from great *Mexico*, the Indies Weſt.
Thus are theſe workes, *farre fetcht, and deerely bought*,
And conſequently, *good for Ladies thought*.
Nor doe I derogate (in any caſe)
Or doe eſteeme of other teachings baſe,
For *Tent-worke*, *Raiſd-worke*, *Laid-worke*, *Froſt-worke*, *Net-worke*,
Moſt curious *Purles*, or rare *Italian Cut-worke*,
Fine *Ferne-ſtitch*, *Finny-ſtitch*, *New-ſtitch*, and *Chain-ſtitch*,
Braue *Bred-ſtitch*, *Fiſher-ſtitch*, *Iriſh-ſtitch*, and *Queene-ſtitch*,

The

The Praiſe of the Needle.

The *Spaniſh-ſtitch*, *Roſemary-ſtitch*, and *Mow-ſtitch*,
The ſmarting *Whip-ſtitch*, *Back-ſtitch*, and the *Croſ-ſtitch*:
All theſe are good, and theſe we muſt alow,
And theſe are euery where in practiſe now;
And in this Booke, there are of theſe ſome ſtore,
With many others, neuer ſeene before.
Here Practiſe and Inuention may be free,
And as a *Squirrell* skips from tree to tree,
So Maides may (from their Miſtreſſe, or their Mother)
Learne to leaue one worke, and to learne another.
For here they may make choyce of which is which,
And skip from worke to worke, from ſtitch to ſtitch,
Vntill in time delightfull practiſe ſhall
(With profit) make them perfect in them all.
Thus hoping that theſe workes may haue this guide
To ſerue for ornament, and not for pride:
To cheriſh vertue, baniſh idleneſſe,
For theſe ends, may this booke haue good ſucceſſe.

Here

The Praiſe of the Needle.

Here follow certaine Sonnets in the Honourable memory of Queenes and great Ladies, who haue bin famous for their rare Inuentions, and practiſe with the Needle.

I

Pſal. 45. King *Dauid* by an apt ſimilitude
Doth ſhew, with Maieſty the *Church* her worth:
And to a Kings faire Daughter, doth alude,
Where to her Spouſe, he brauely brings her forth,
In Garments wrought of *Needle-worke* and Gold,
Reſplendent and moſt glorious to the eye:
Whoſe out-ſide much more glory did infold,
The preſence of th'ternall Maieſty.
Thus may you ſee Records of holy Writ
Set downe (what Death or Time can nere deface.)
By theſe compariſons, comparing fit,
The noble worth of Needle-workes high grace.
Then learne faire Damſels, learne your times to ſpend
In this, which ſuch high praiſings doth commend.

The Praiſe of the Needle.

2

Katharine, *firſt married to* Arthur *Prince of* Wales, *and afterward to* Henry *the* 8. *King of* England.

I Read that in the ſeauenth King *Henries* Raigne,
Faire *Katherine*, Daughter to the *Caſtile* King,
Came into *England* with a pompous traine
Of *Spaniſh* Ladies, which ſhe thence did bring.
She to the eight King *Henry* married was,
And afterwards diuorc'd, where vertuouſly
(Although a Queene) yet ſhee her dayes did pas
In working with the *Needle* curiouſly,
As in the Tower, and places more beſide,
Her excellent memorials may be ſeene:
Whereby the *Needles* praiſe is dignifide
By her faire Ladyes, and her ſelfe, a Queene.
Thus for her paynes, here her reward is iuſt,
Her workes proclaime her praiſe, though ſhe be duſt.

Mary

3

Mary, *Queene of* England, *and wife to* Philip *King of* Spaine.

HEr Daughter *Mary* here the Scepter ſwaide,
And though ſhe were a Queene of mighty power:
Her memorie will neuer be decaide,
Which by her workes are likewiſe in the Tower.
In *Windſor* Caſtle, and in *Hampton* Court,
In that moſt pompous roome cal'd Paradice:
Who-euer pleaſeth thither to reſort,
May ſee ſome workes of hers of wondrous price.
Her Greatneſſe held it no diſ-reputation,
To take the Needle in her Royall hand:
Which was a good example to our Nation,
To baniſh idleneſſe from out her Land:
And thus this Queene, in wiſedome thought it fit,
The Needles worke pleaſ'd her, and ſhe grac'd it.

The Praiſe of the Needle.

4

Elizabeth *Queene of* England, *and Daughter to King* Henry *the eight.*

VVHen this great Queene, whoſe memory ſhall not
By any tearme of time be ouercaſt:
For when the world, and all therein ſhall rot,
Yet ſhall her glorious fame for euer laſt.
When ſhe a Maide, had many troubles paſt,
From Iayle to Iayle, by *Maries* angry ſpleene:
And *Wood-ſtocke*, and the *Tower* in priſon faſt,
And after all, was *Englands* Peereleſſe Queene.
Yet howſoeuer ſorrow came or went,
She made the Needle her companion ſtill:
And in that exerciſe her time ſhe ſpent,
As many liuing yet, doth know her skill.
Thus was ſhe ſtill a Captiue, or elſe Crown'd,
A Needle-woman Royall, and renown'd.

The

The Praiſe of the Needle.

5

The Right Honourable, Vertuous, and learned Lady, Mary, *late Counteſſe of* Pembrooke.

A Patterne and a Patroneſſe ſhe was
Of vertuous induſtry, and ſtudious learning:
And ſhe her earthly Pilgrimage did paſſe,
In Acts, which were high honour, moſt concerning.
Braue *Wilton*-houſe in *Wiltſhire* well can ſhow,
Her admirable workes in Arras fram'd:
Where men, and beaſts, ſeeme like, trees ſeeme to grow,
And Art (ſurpaſſ'd by Nature) ſeemes aſham'd.
Thus this renowned Honourable Dame,
Her happy time moſt happily did ſpend:
Whoſe worth recorded in the mouth of fame,
(Vntill the world ſhall end) ſhall neuer end.
She wrought ſo well in Needle-worke, that ſhe,
Nor yet her workes, ſhall ere forgotten be.

The Praiſe of the Needle.

6

The Right Honourable and religious Lady, Elizabeth Dormer, *Wife to the late Right Honourable, the Lord* Robert Dormer *deceaſed.*

THis Noble Lady imitates time paſt,
Directs time preſent, teacheth time to come:
And longer then her life, her laud ſhall laſt,
Workes ſhewes her worth, though all the world were dumbe.
And though her Reuerend ſelfe, with many dayes
Of honourable age is loaden deepe,
Yet with her Needle (to her worthy praiſe)
Shee's working often, ere the Sunne doth peepe.
And many times, when *Phabus* in the Weſt
Declined is, and *Luna* ſhewes her head:
This antient honour'd Lady refts from Reſt,
And workes when idle ſloath goes ſoone to bed.
Thus ſhe the Needle makes her recreation,
Whoſe well-ſpent paines are others imitation.

To

The Praiſe of the Needle.

To all degrees of both ſexes, that lone or liue by the laudable imployment of the Needle.

IF any aske to whom theſe lines are writ,
I anſwere, vnto them that doe inquire:
For ſince the worlds creation none was yet,
Whoſe wants did not the *Needles* helpe deſire.
And therefore, not to him, or her, or thee,
Or them, or they, I doe not write at all:
Nor to particulars of hee or ſhee,
But generally, to all in generall.
Then let not Pride looke ſcuruily a-ſcewe,
Without the *Needle*, Pride would naked goe:
Nor yet let *Scorne* cry piſh, and tuſh, and mew,
Scorne is forgetfull much in doing ſo.
Nor yet let any one preſume to prate,
And call theſe lines poore trifles, by me pend:

Let

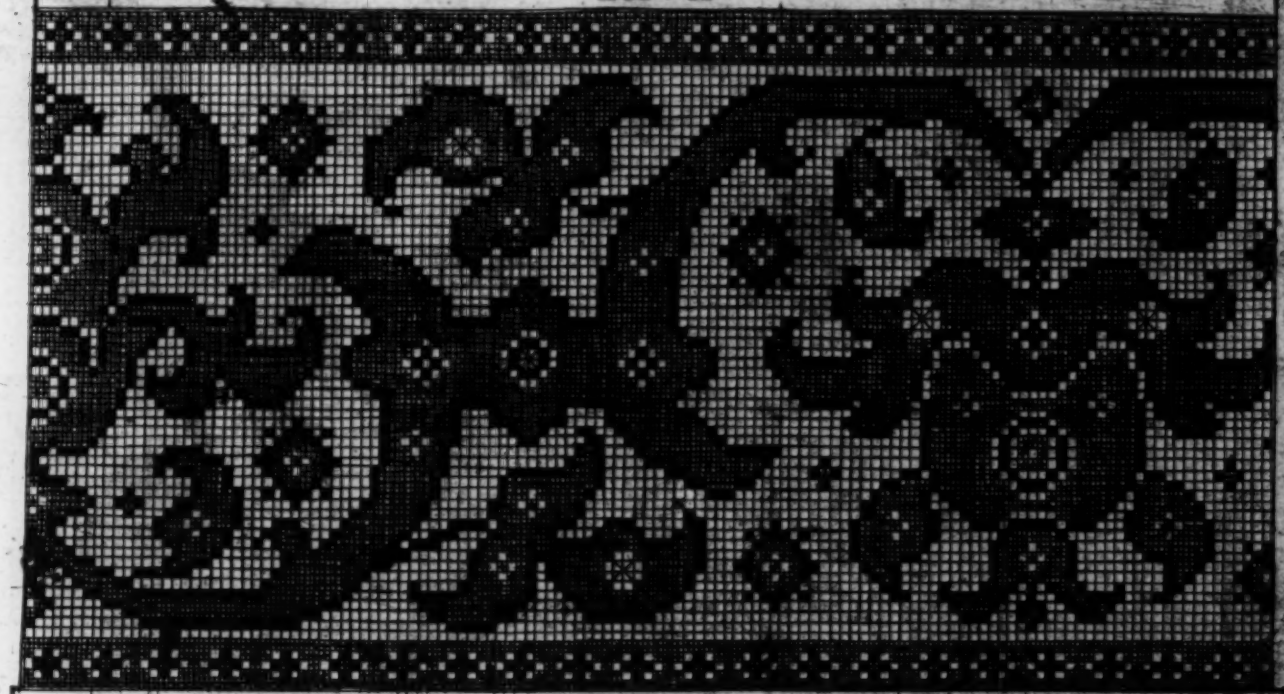
The Praiſe of the Needle.

Let not opinion be preiudicate,
But mend it, ere they dare to diſcommend.
So fare-thou-well my wel-deſeruing Booke,
(I meane, the workes deſerts, and not my lines)
I much preſume that all that on it looke,
Will like and laude the workemans good deſignes.
Fooles play the fooles, but 'tis through want of wit,
Whilſt I to wiſedomes cenſure doe ſubmit.

FINIS.

Iohn Taylor.

LXVII



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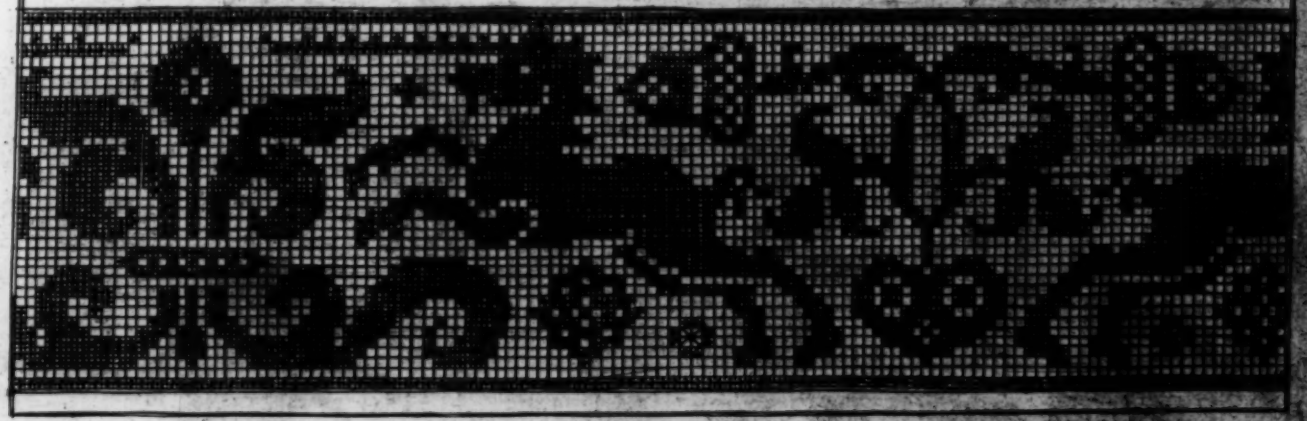

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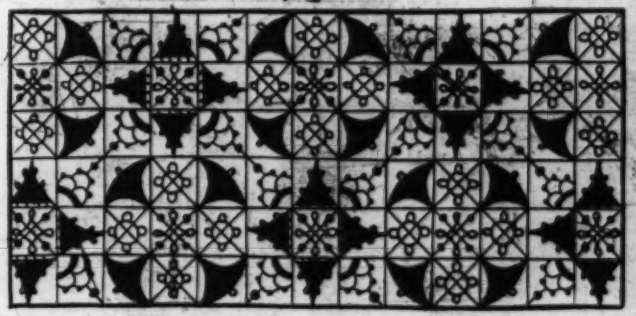

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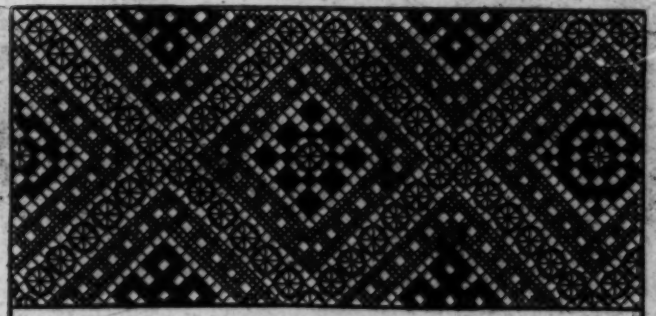

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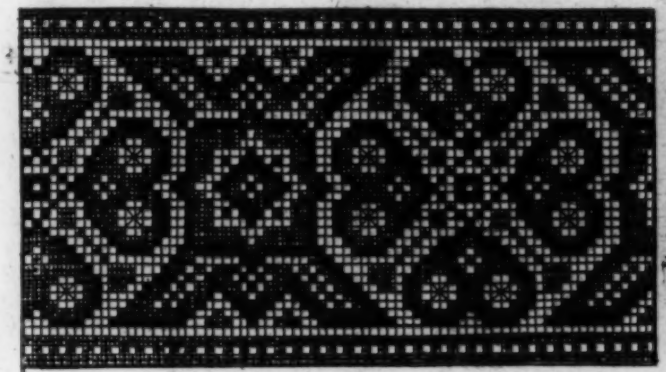

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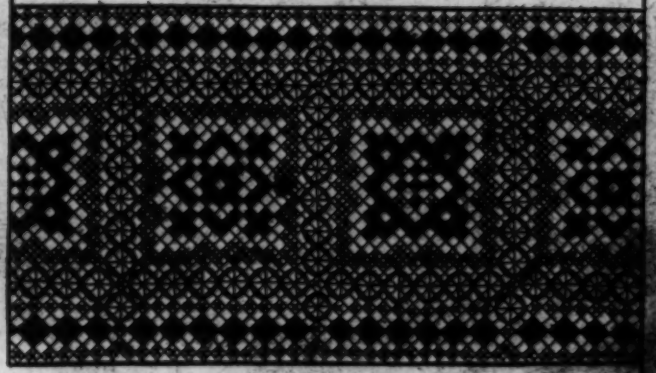

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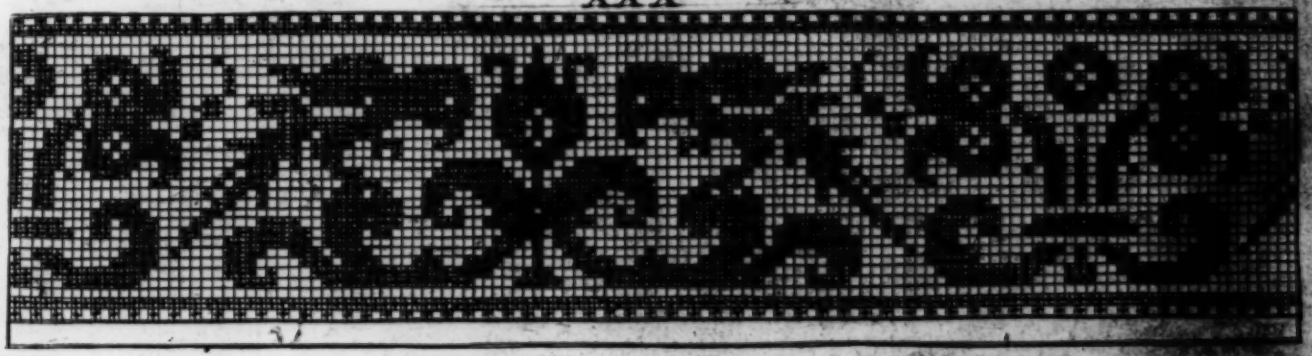

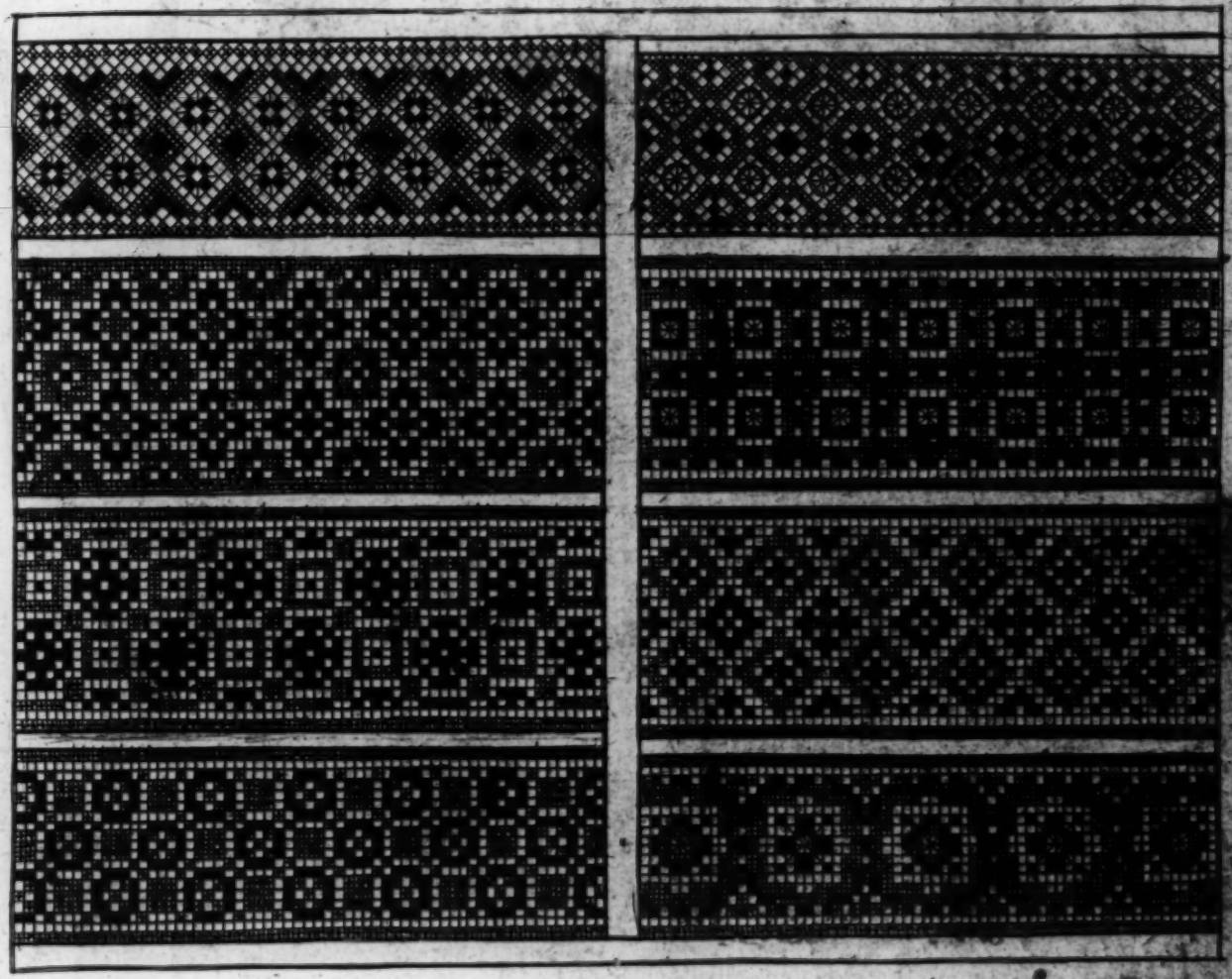

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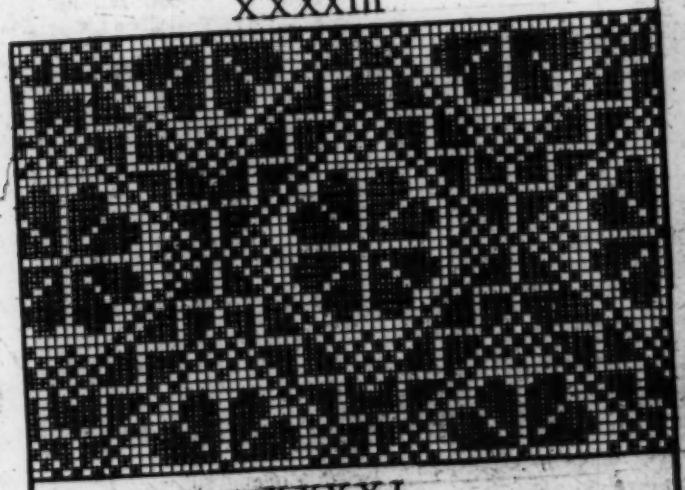

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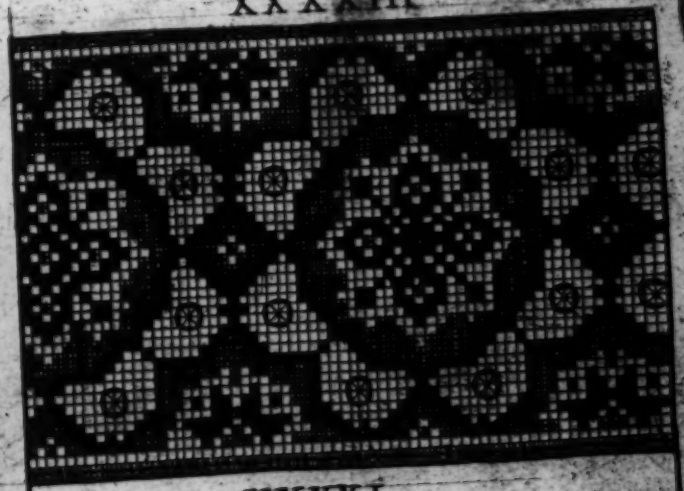

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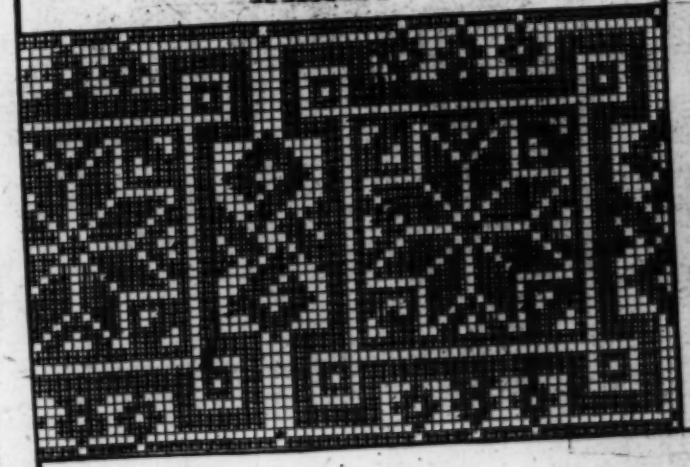

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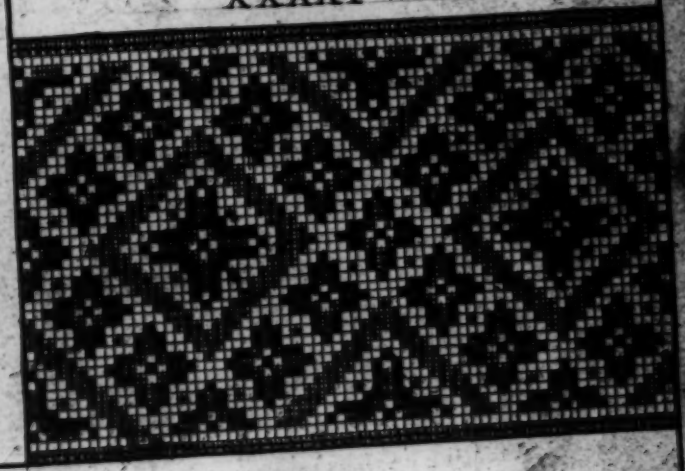

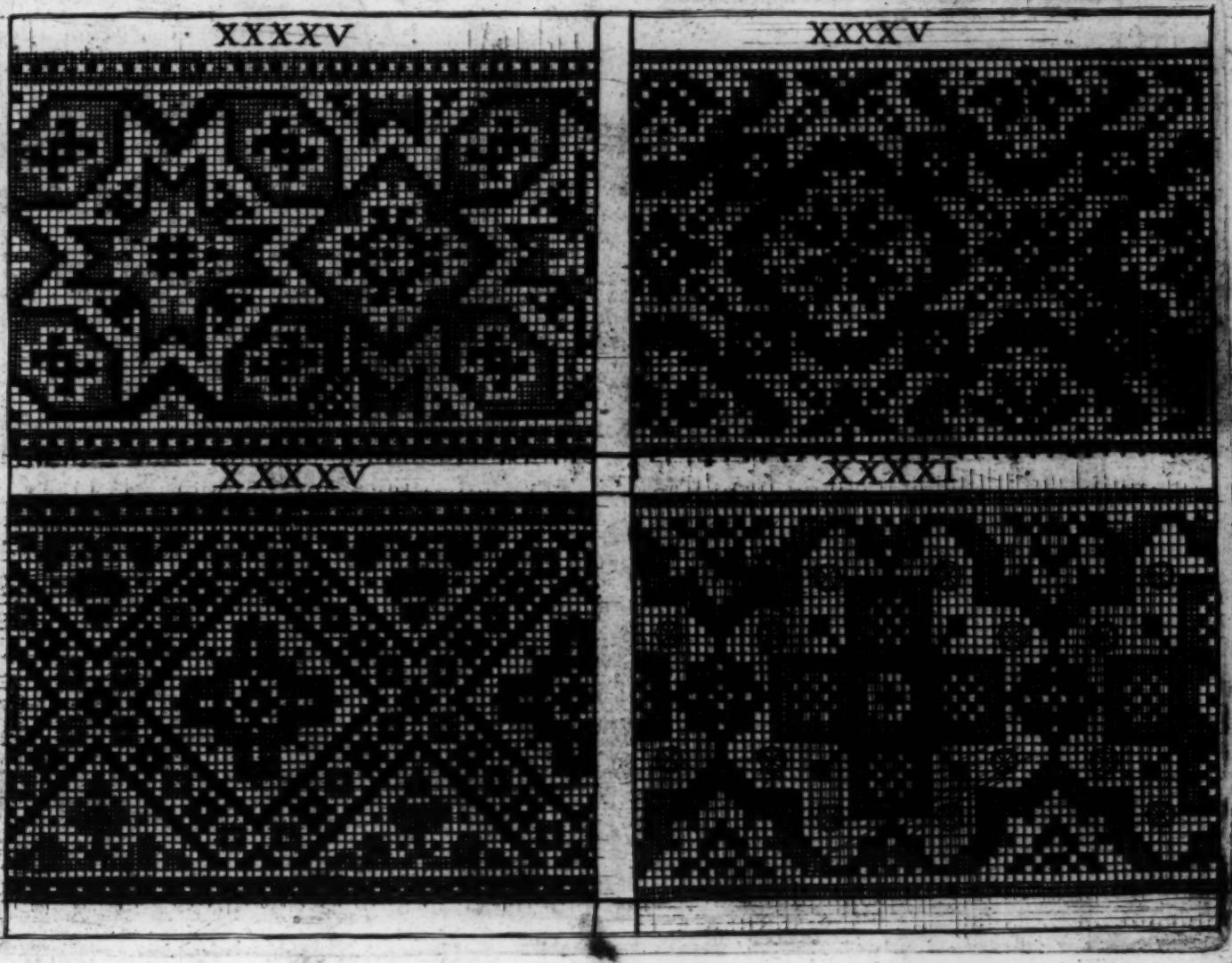
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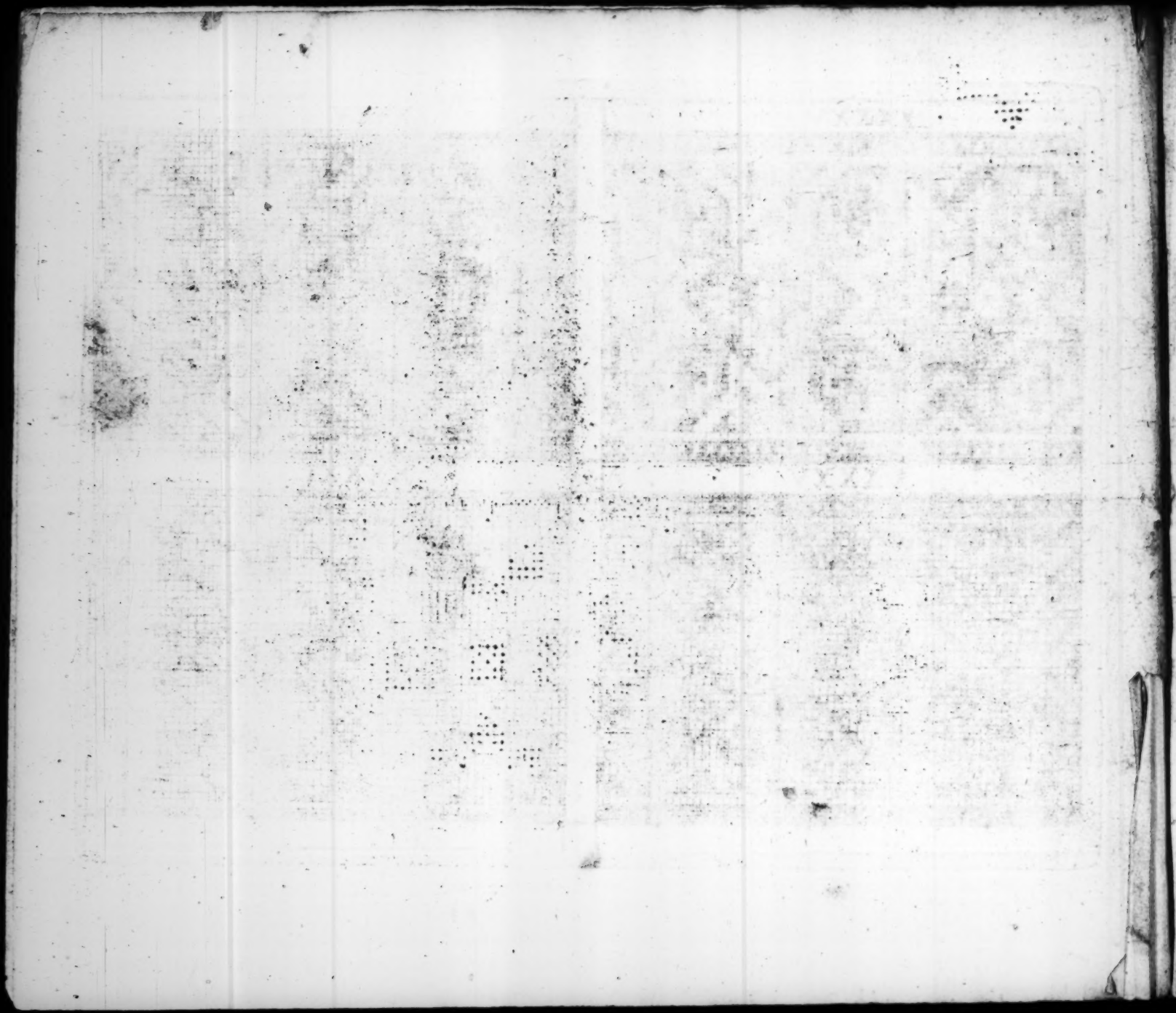

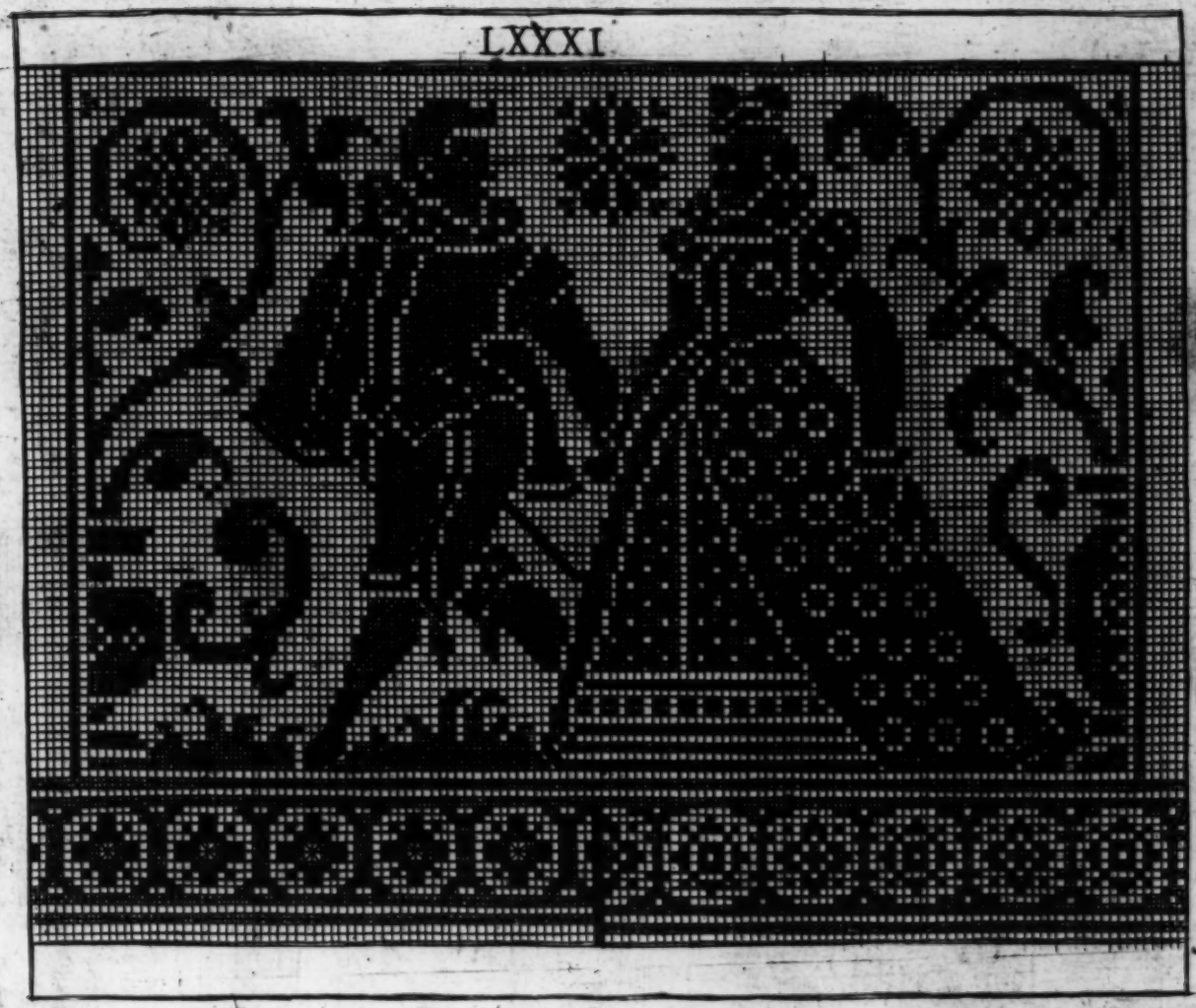

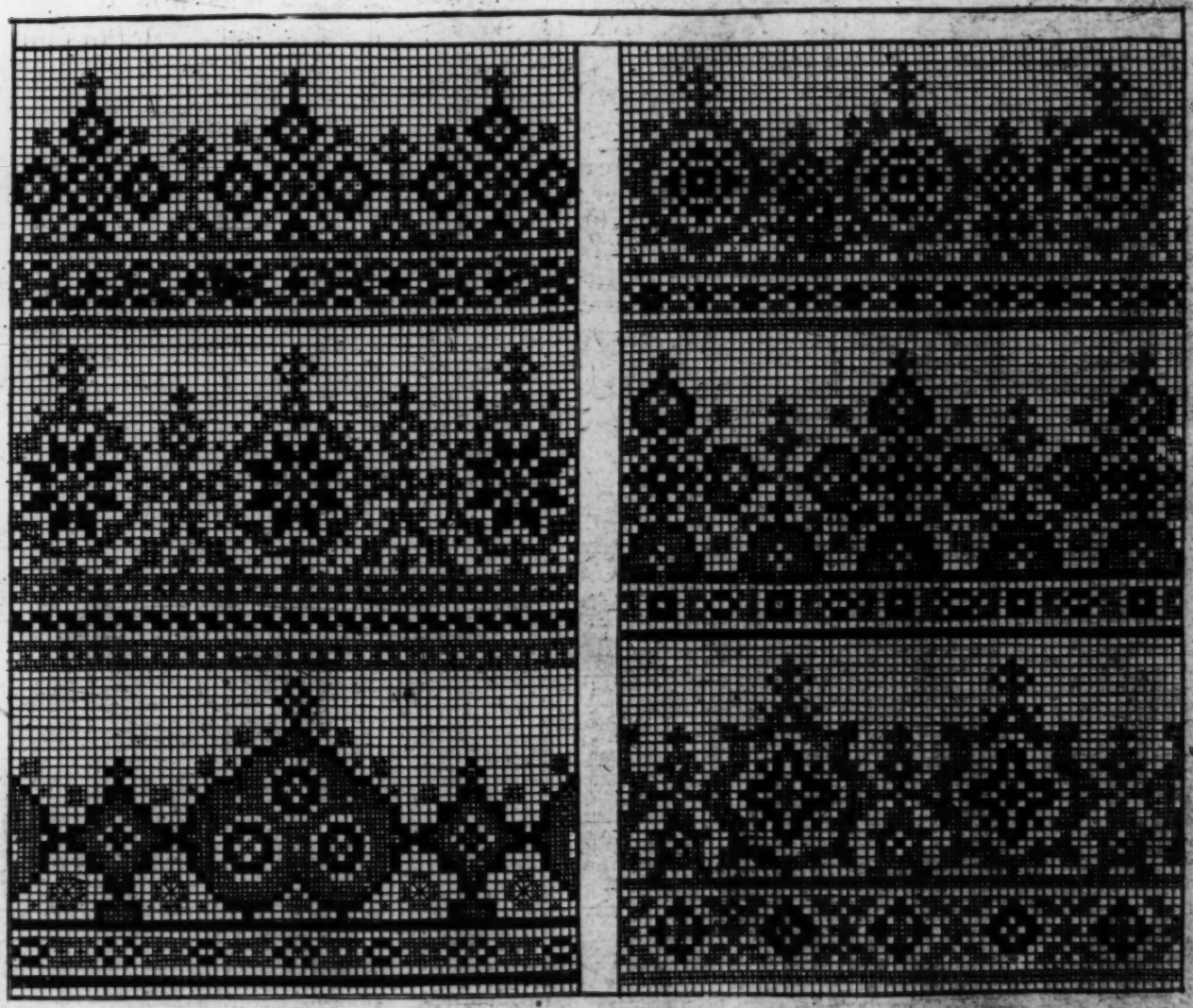

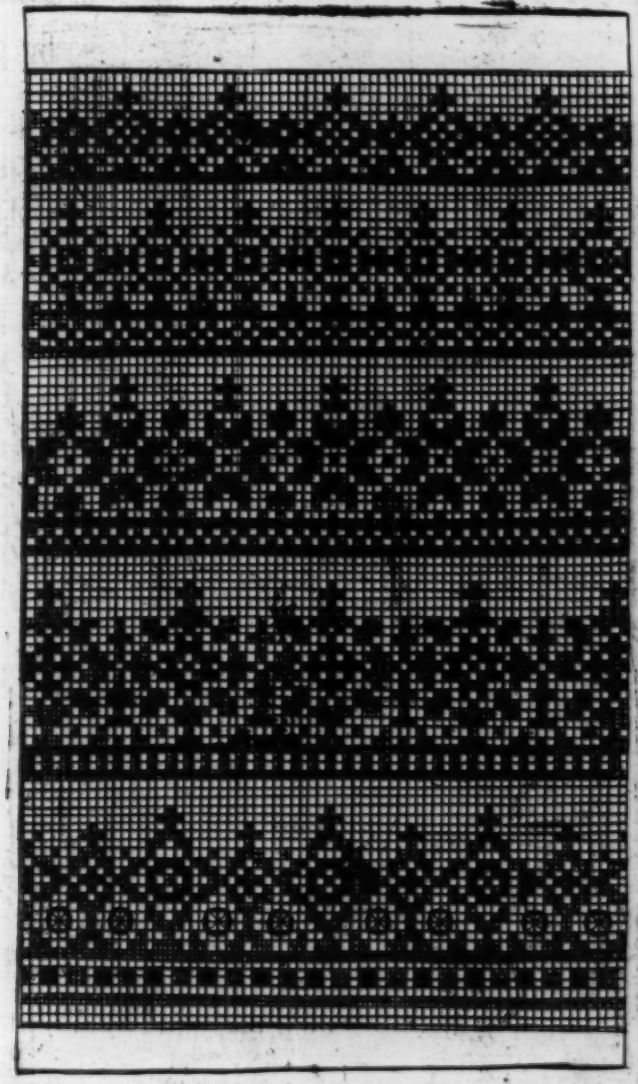

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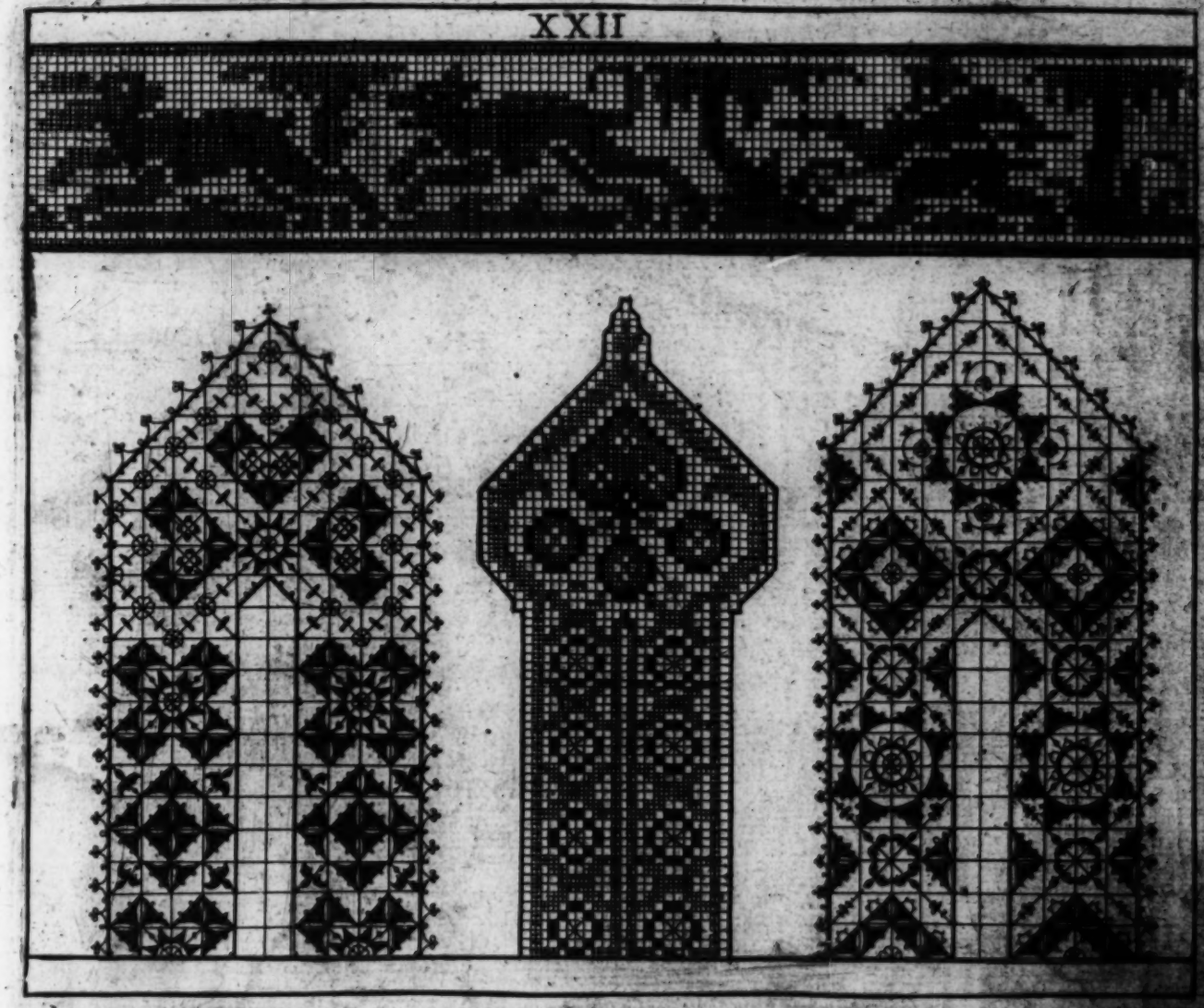

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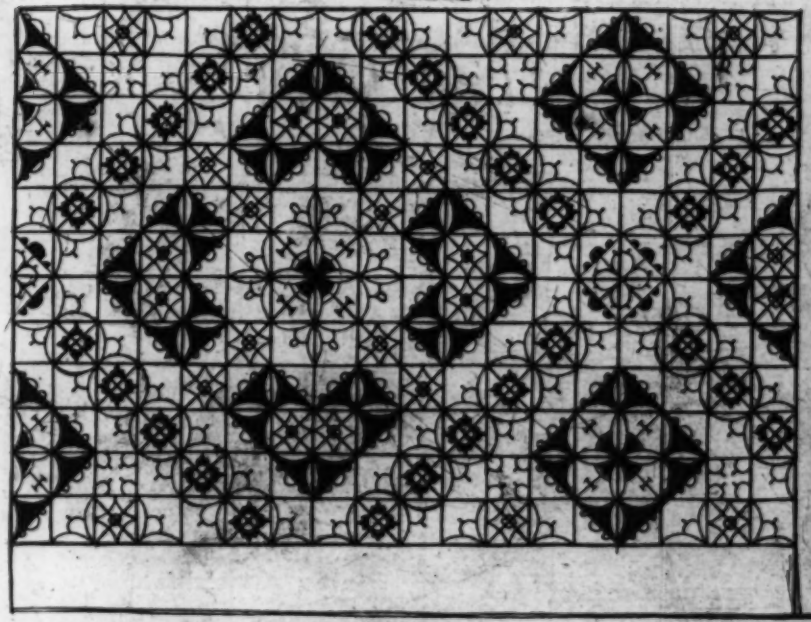

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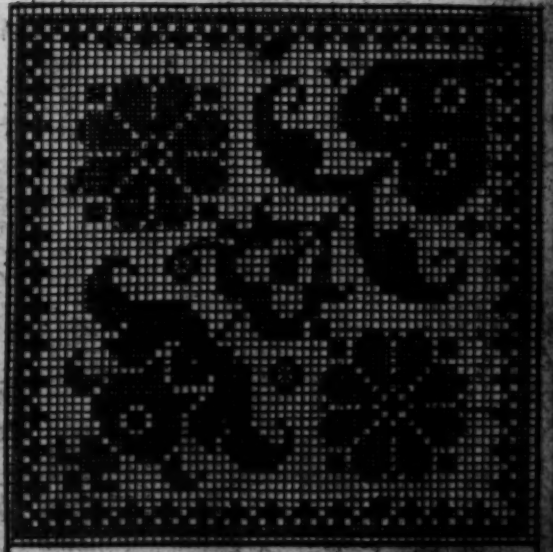

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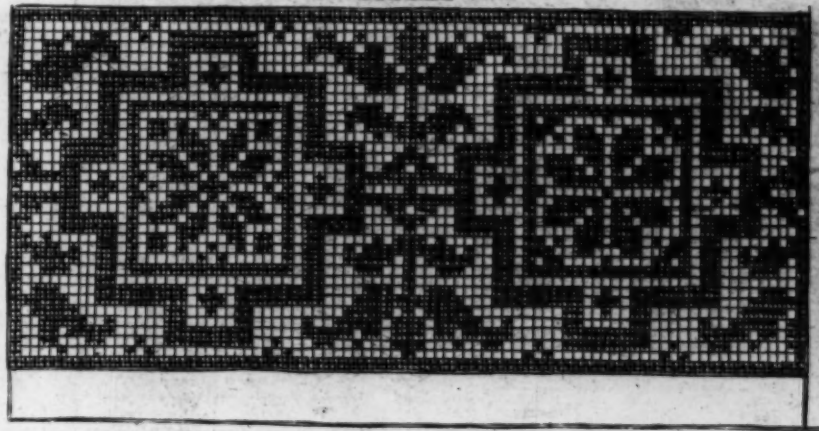
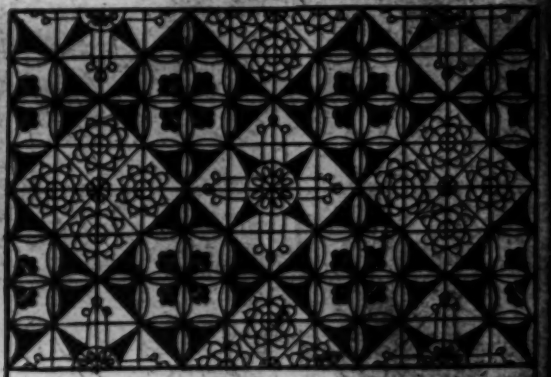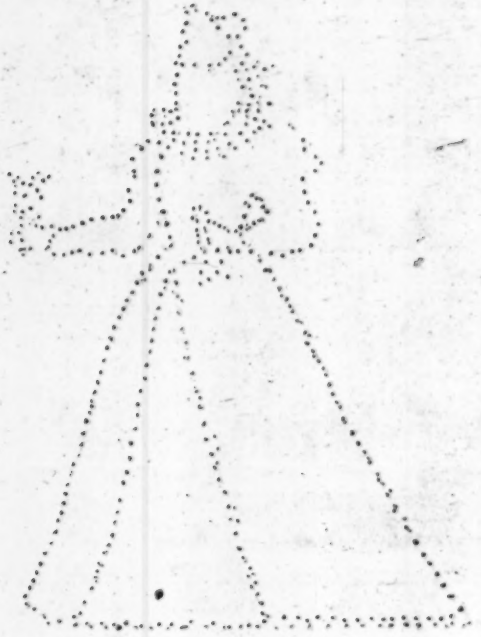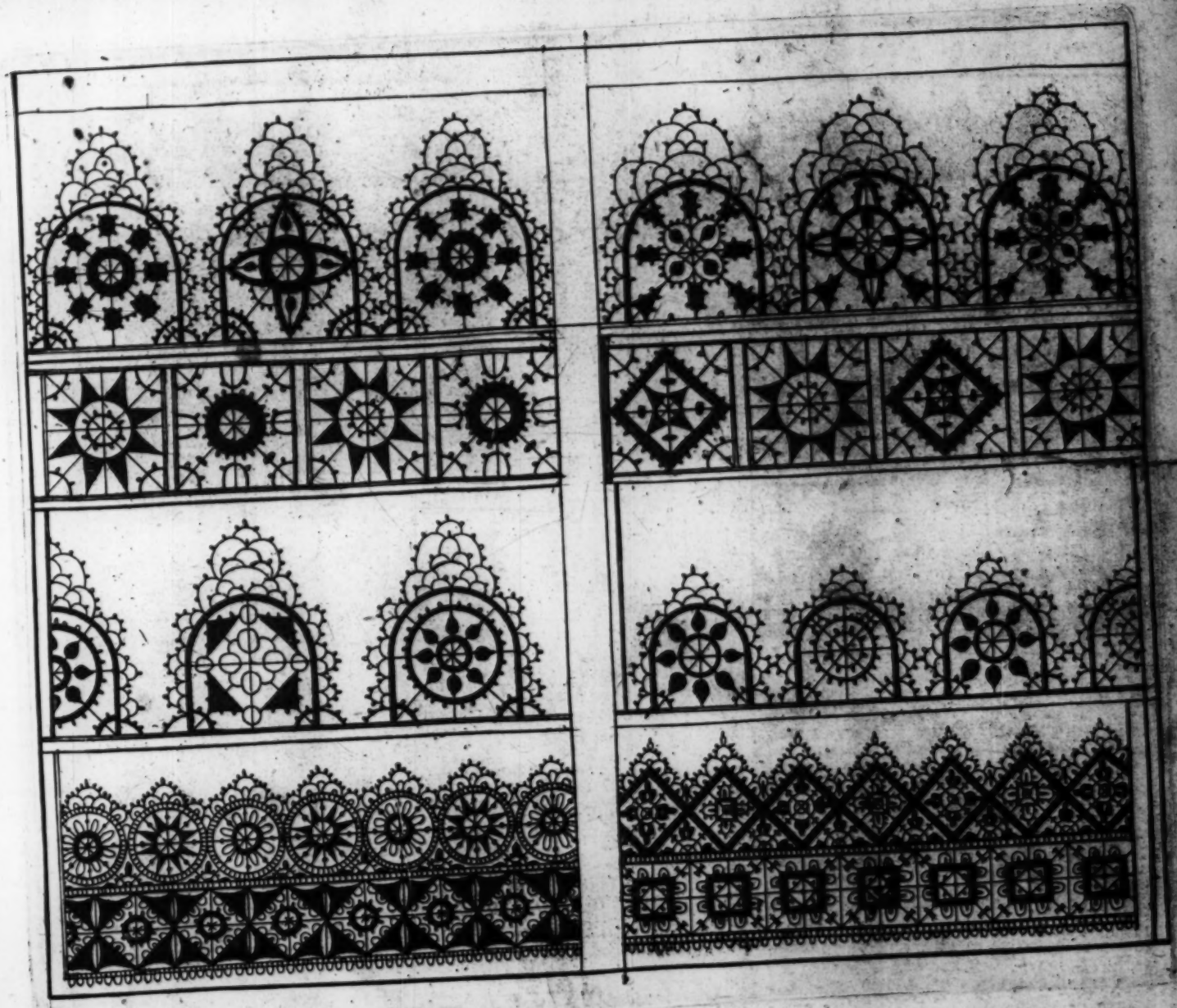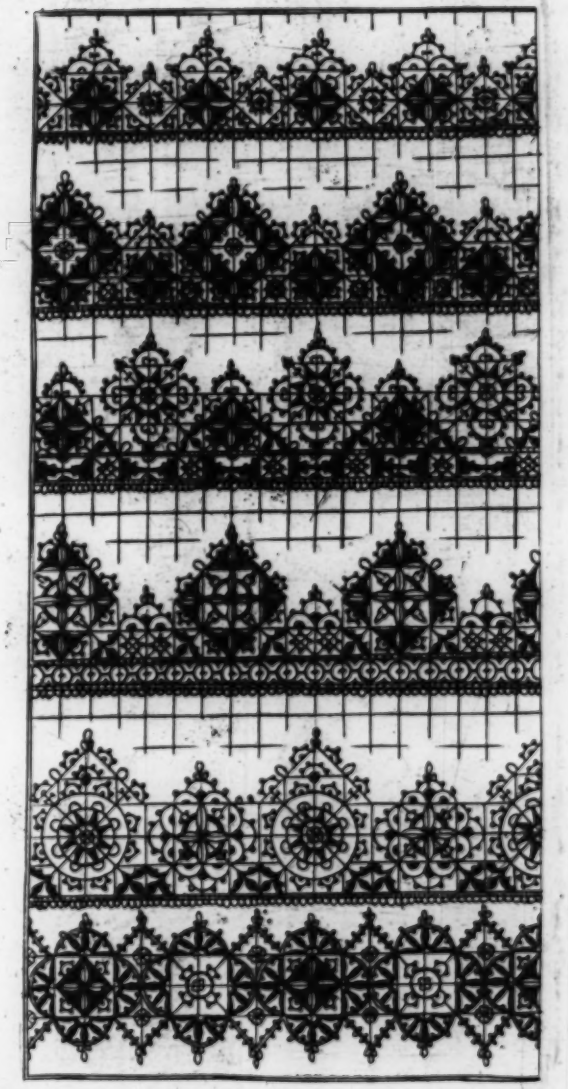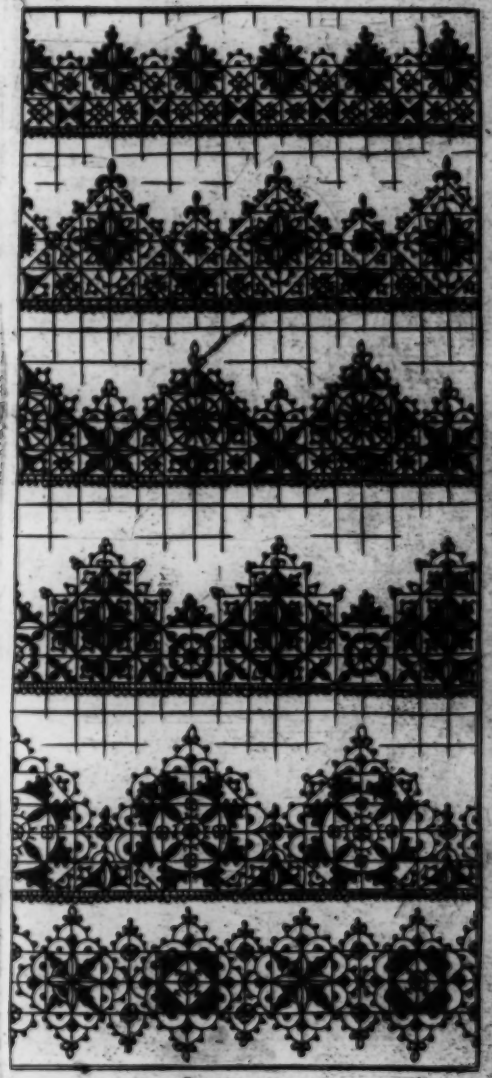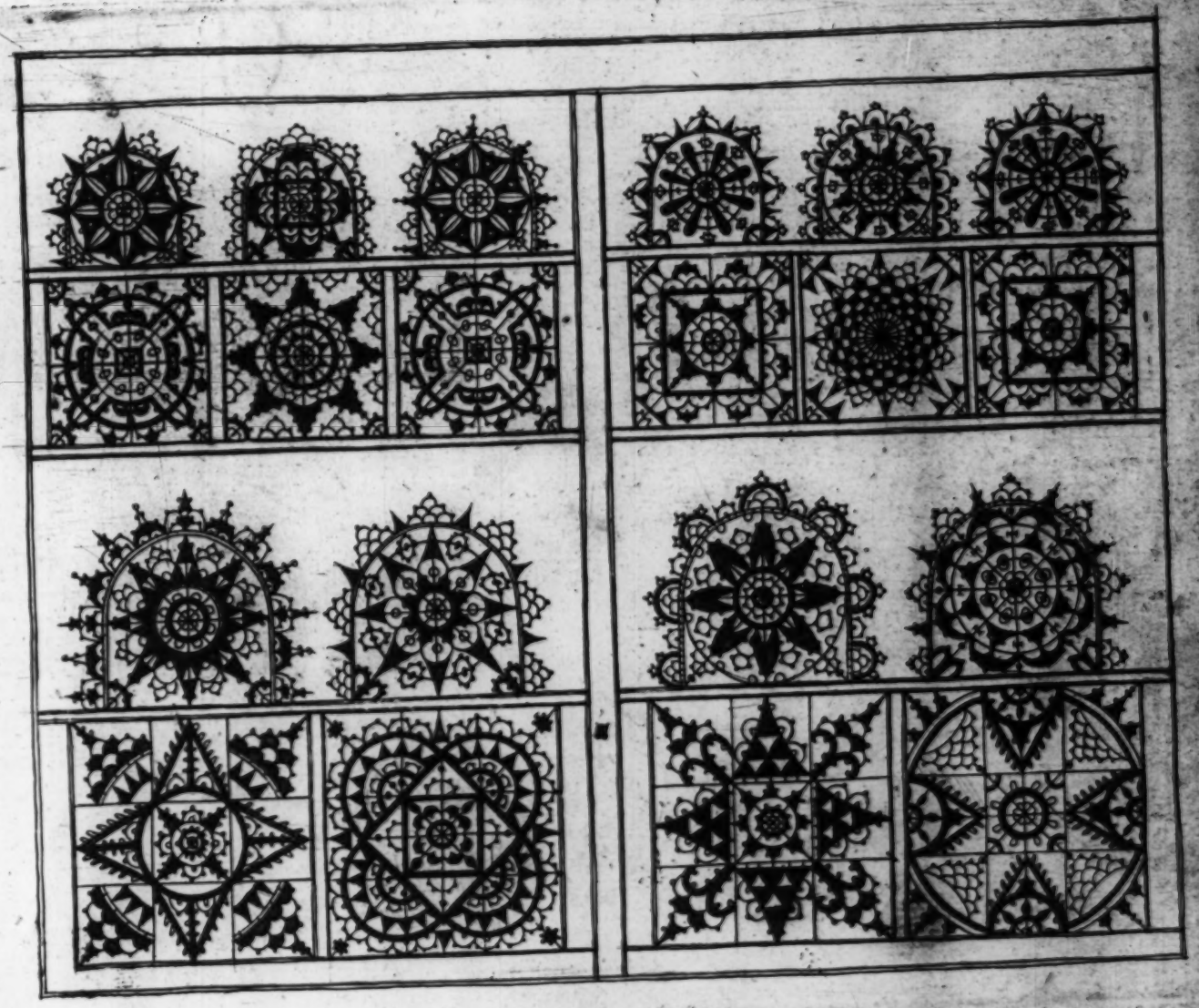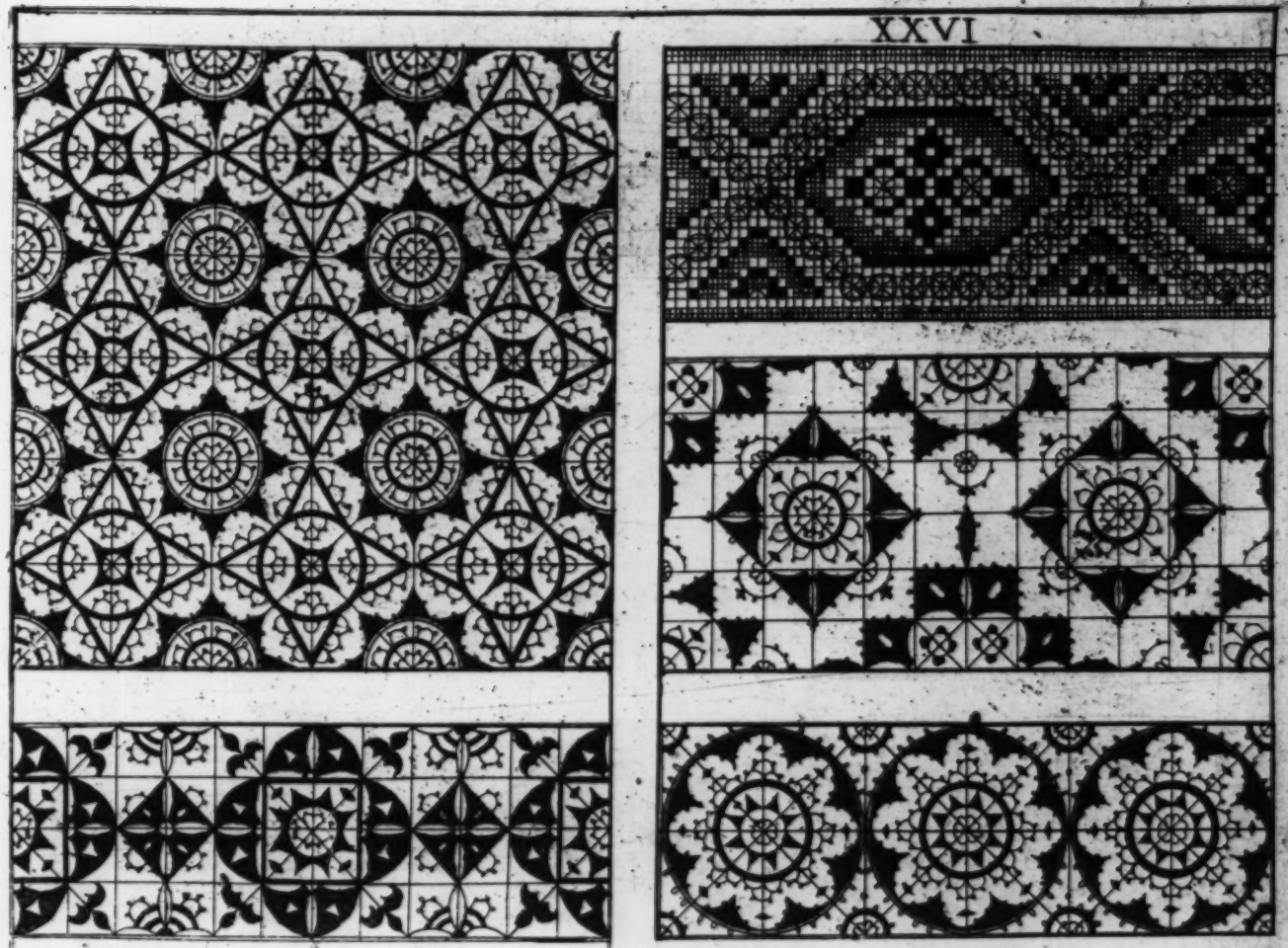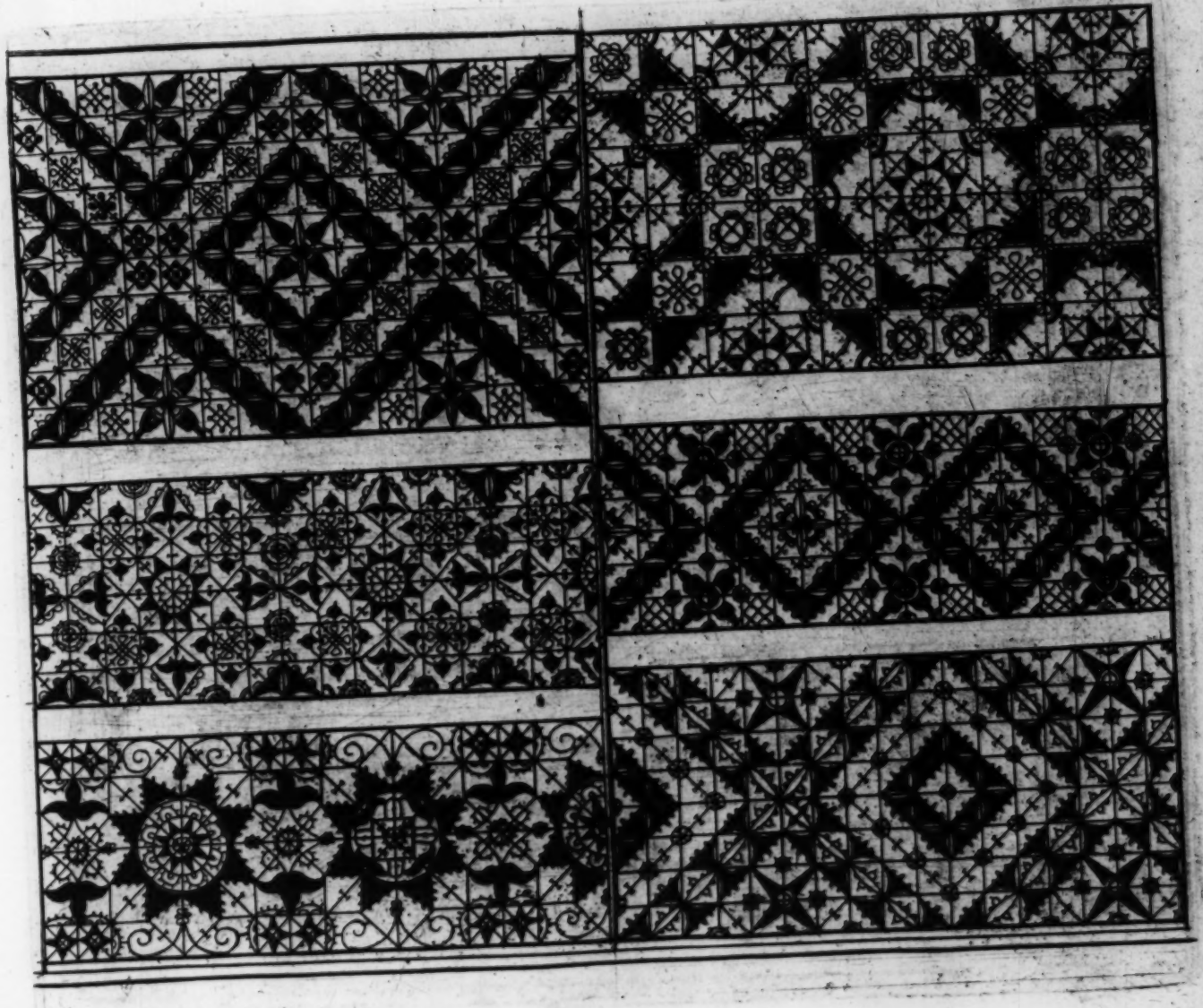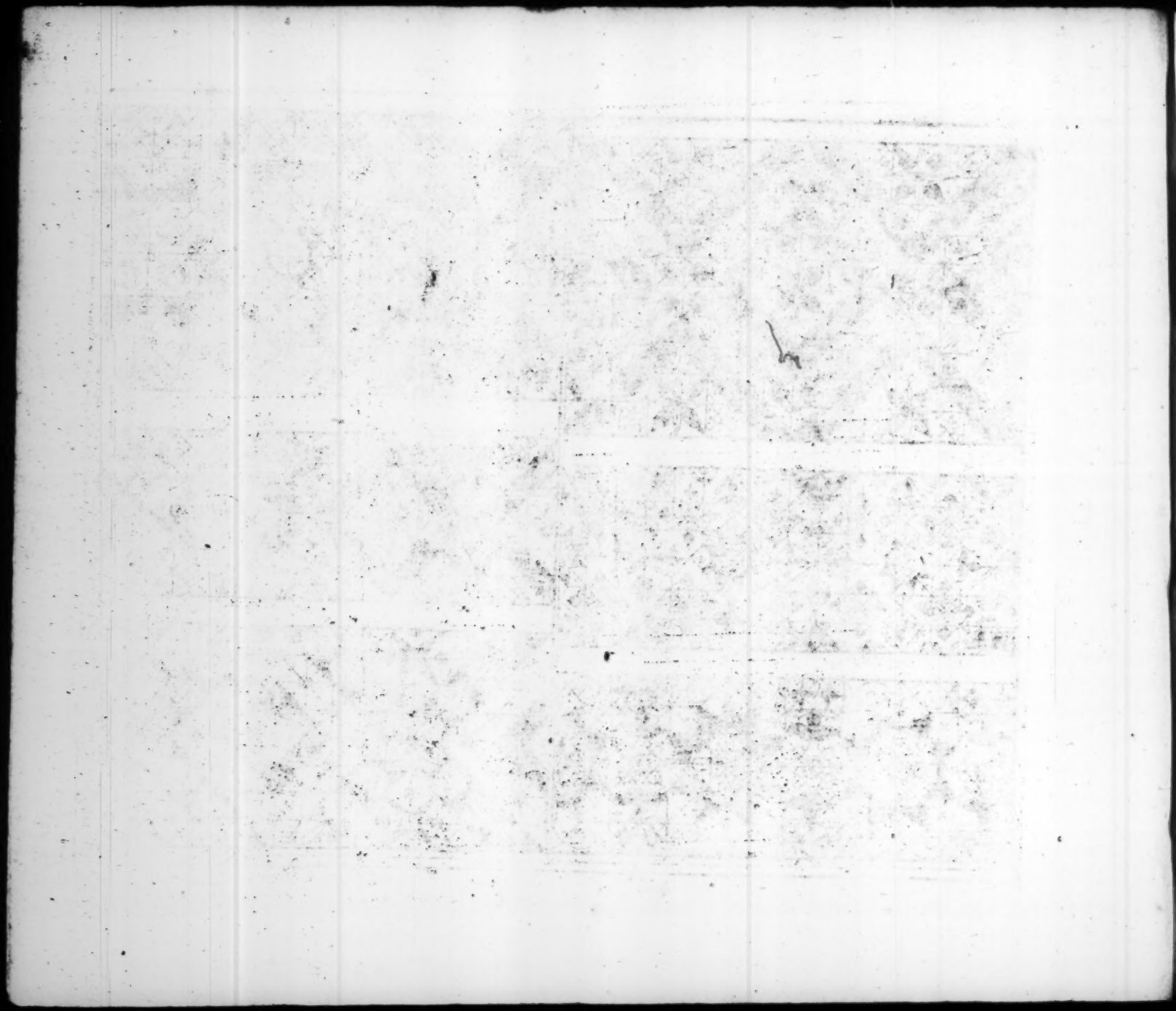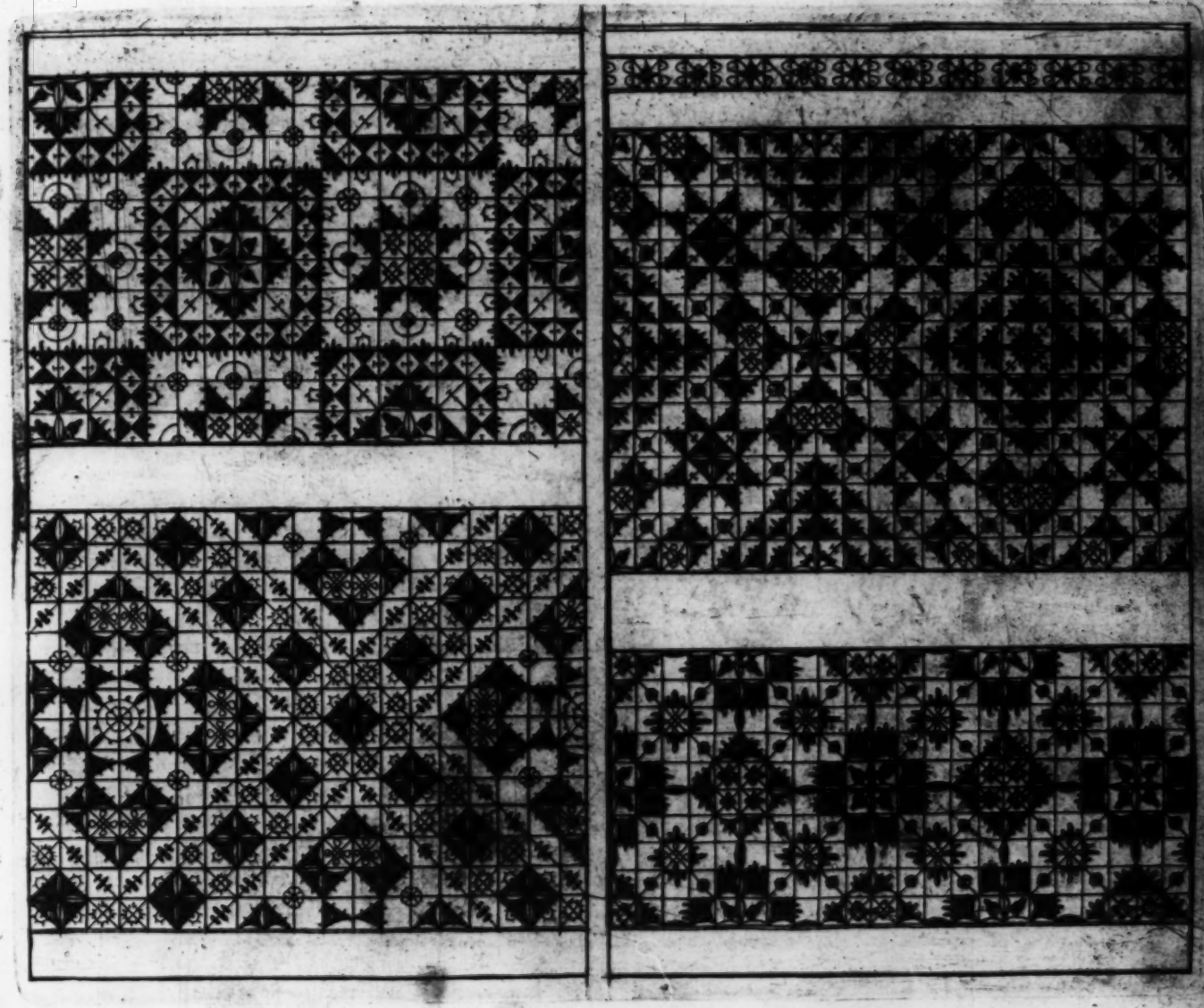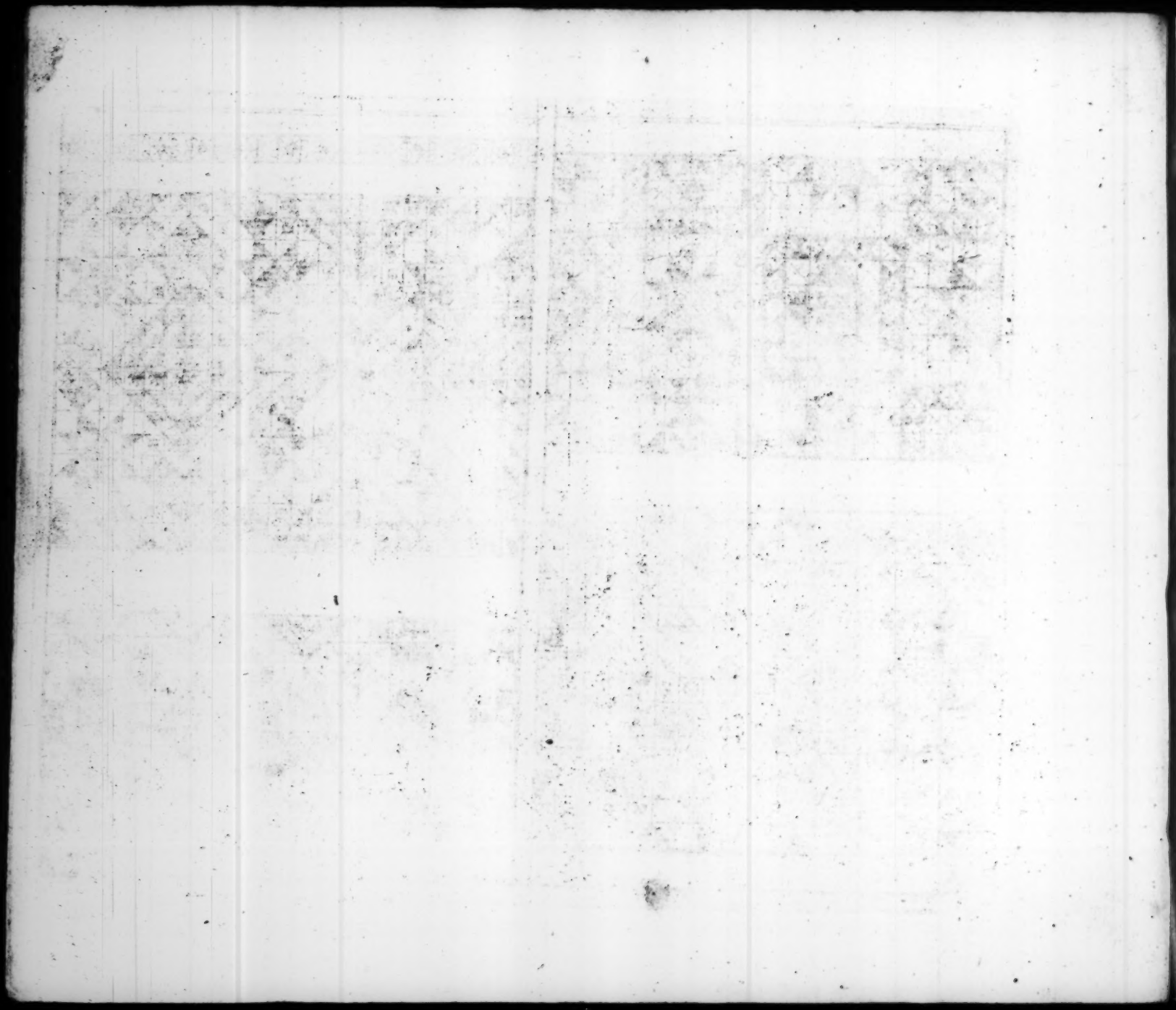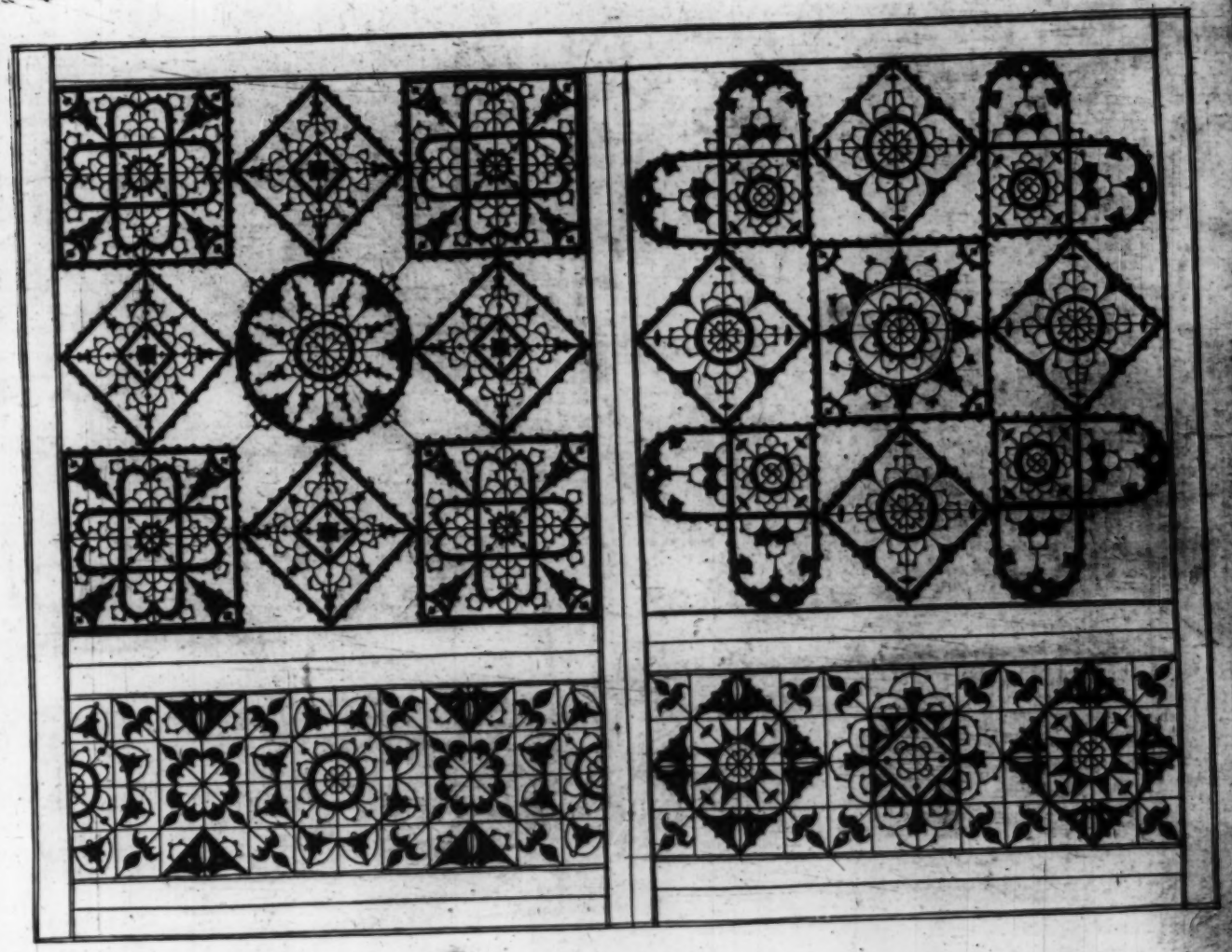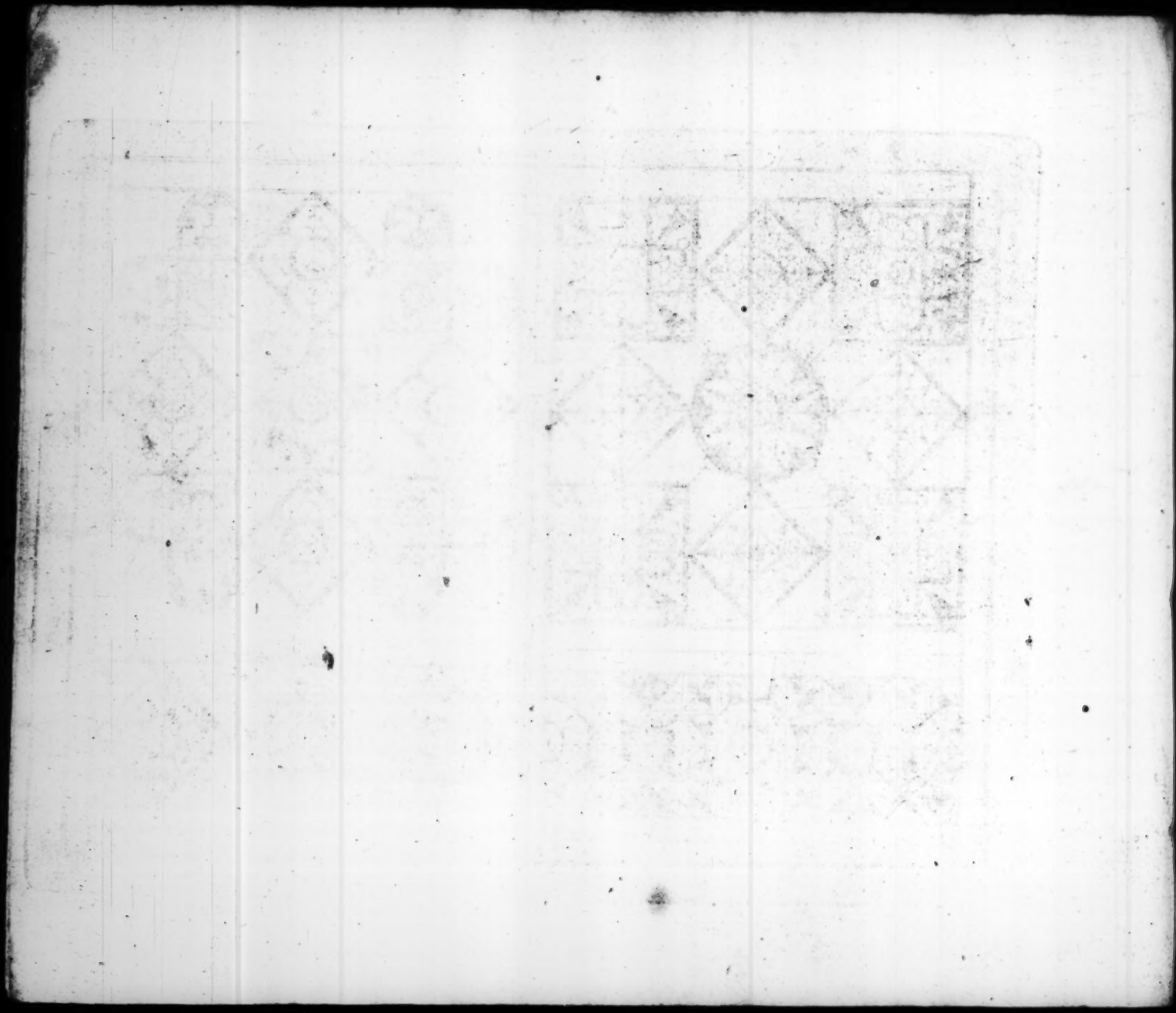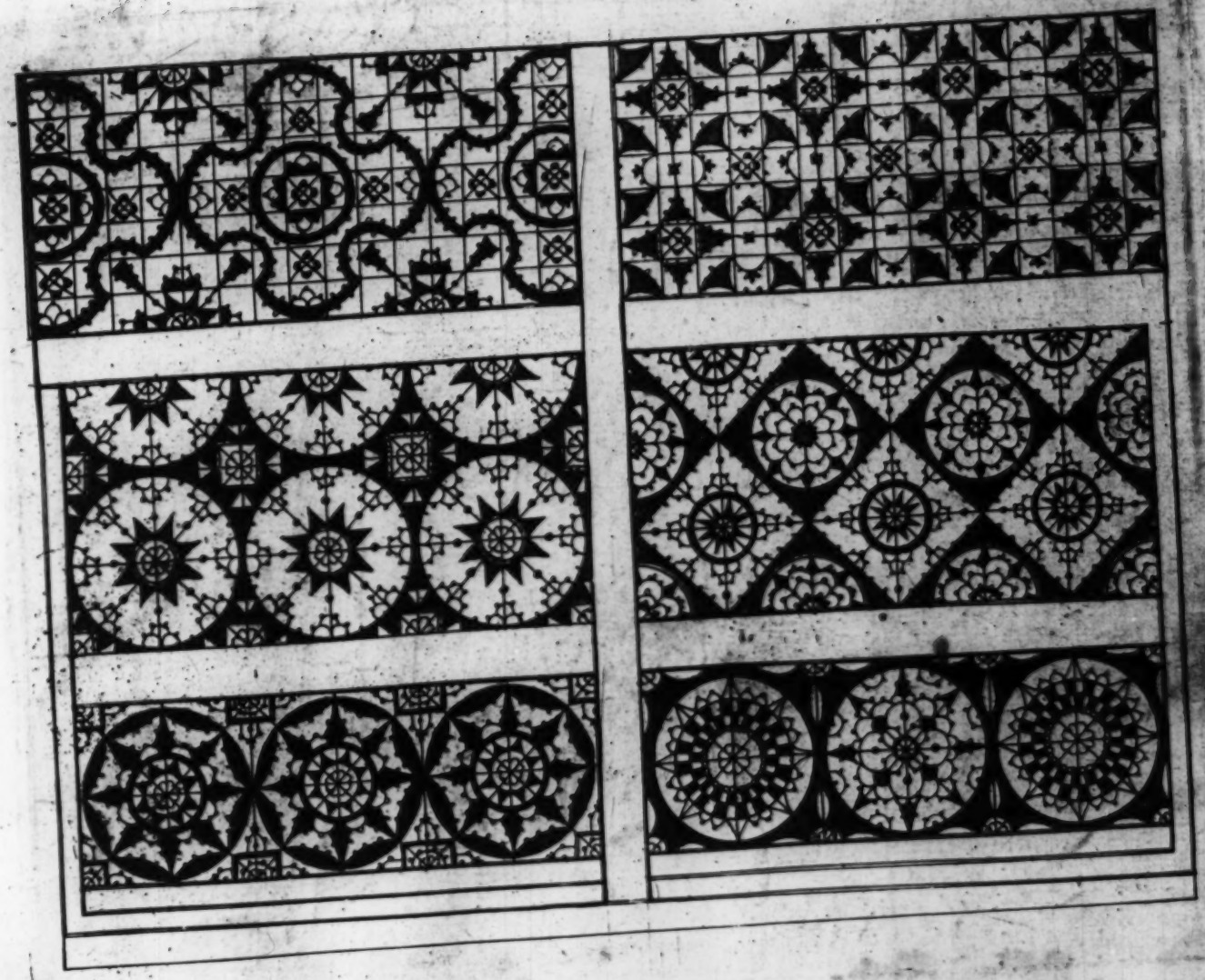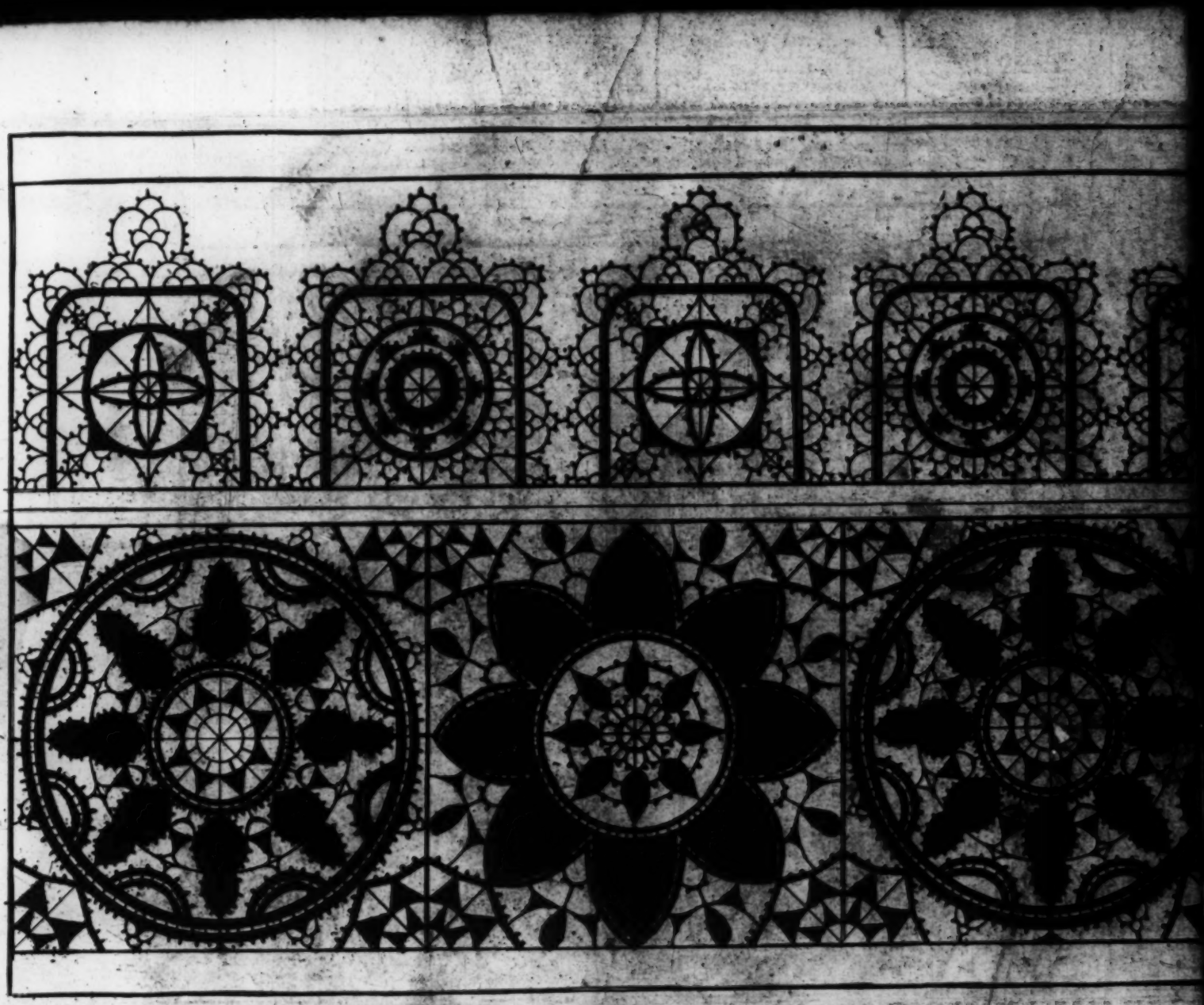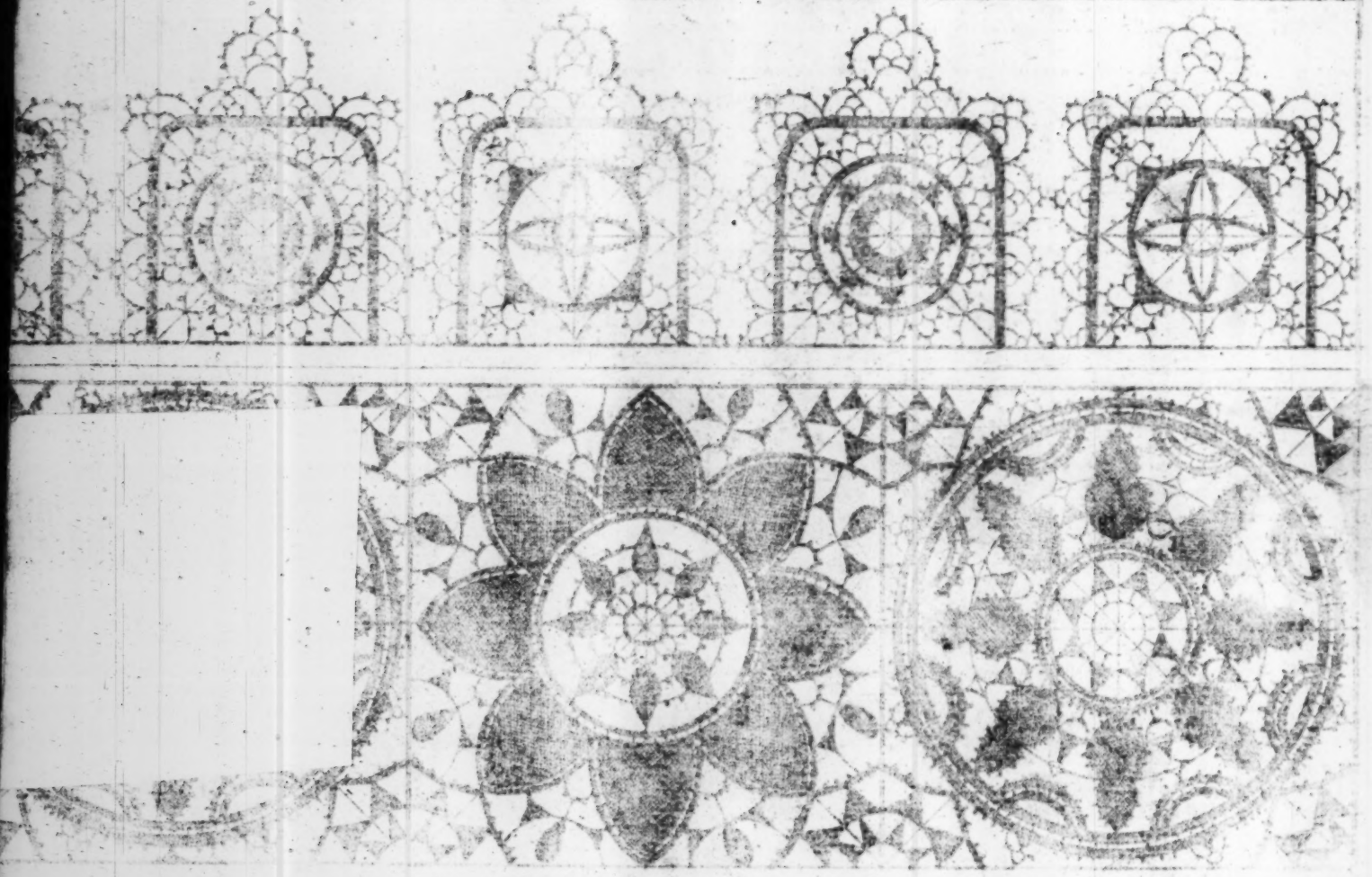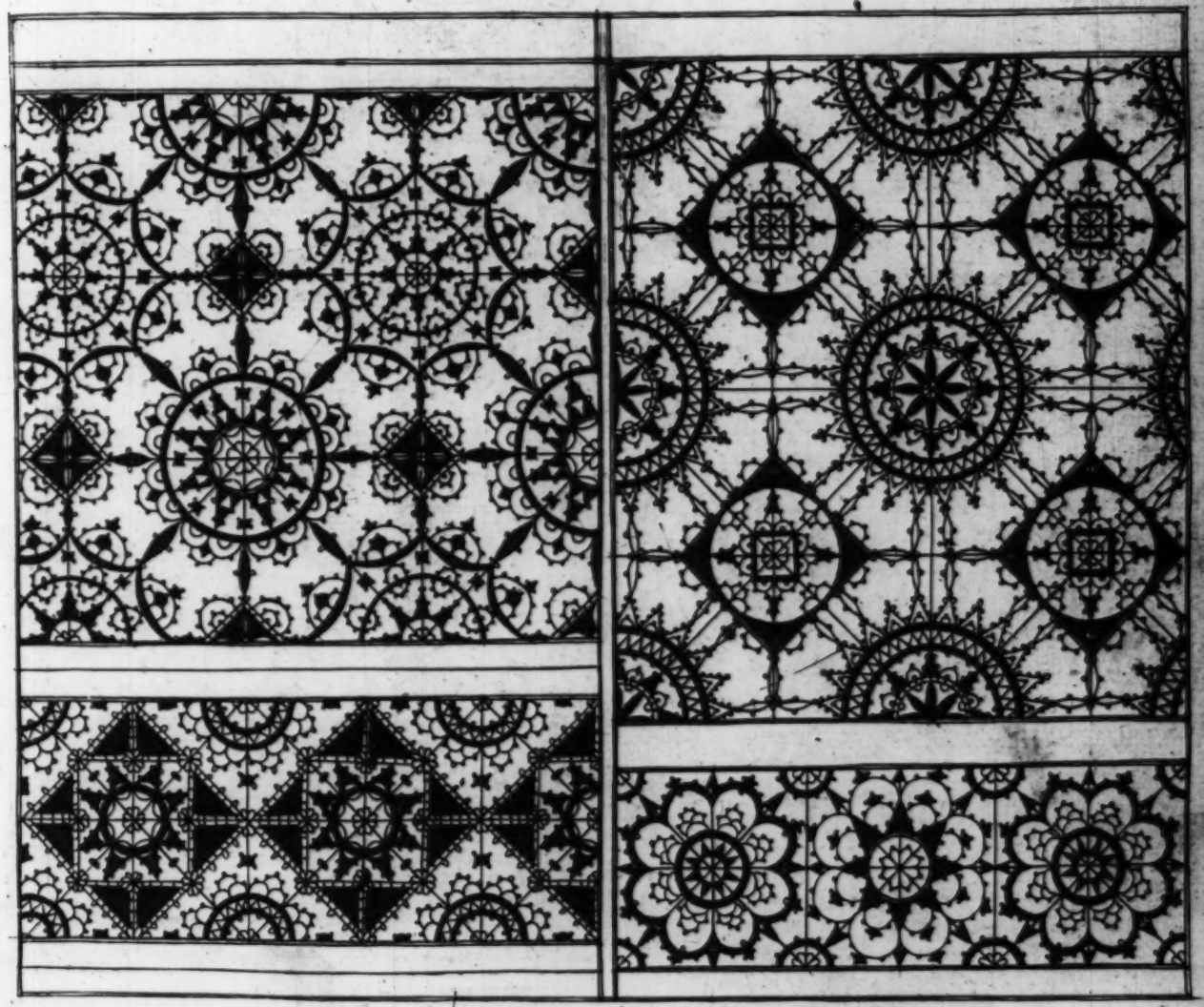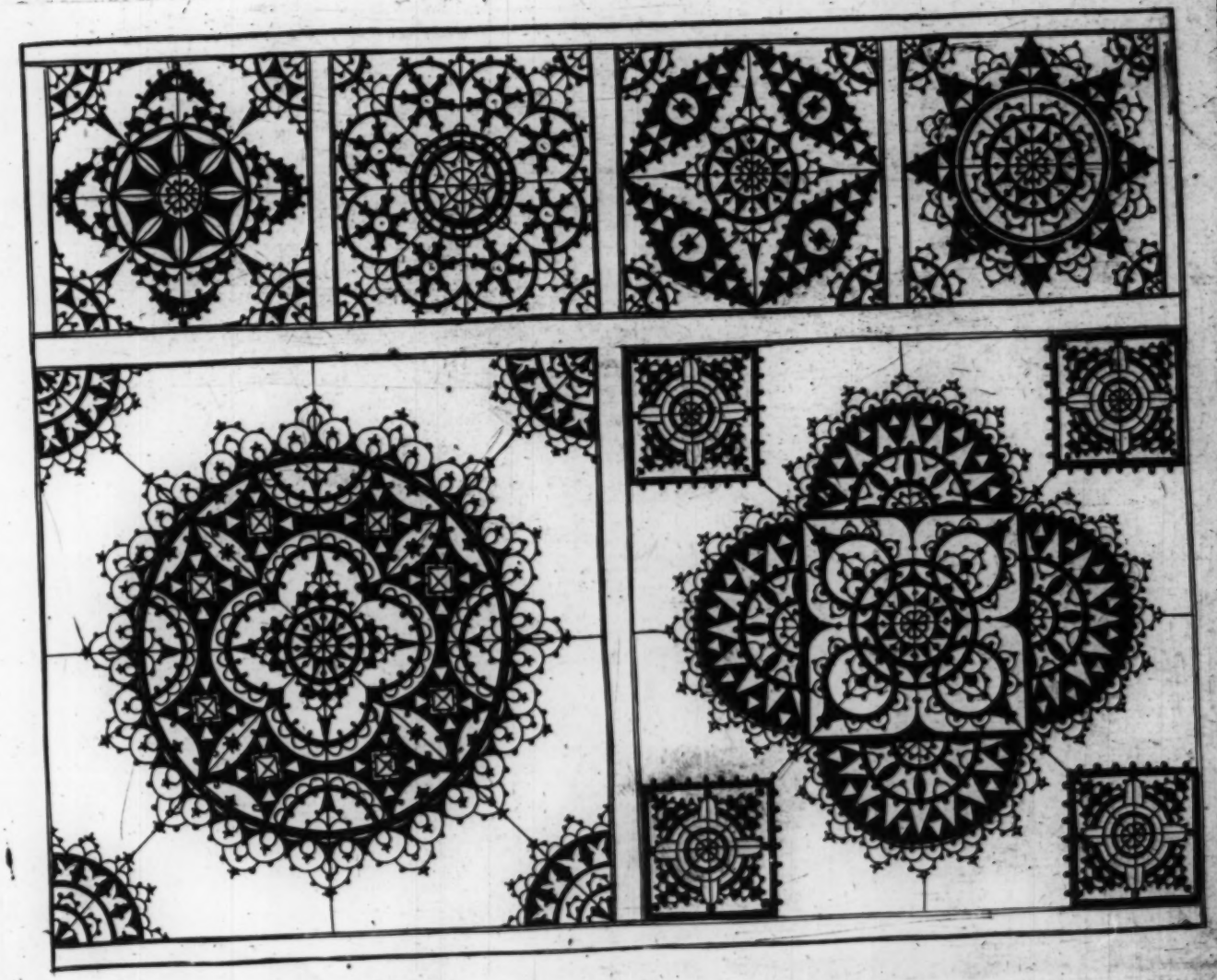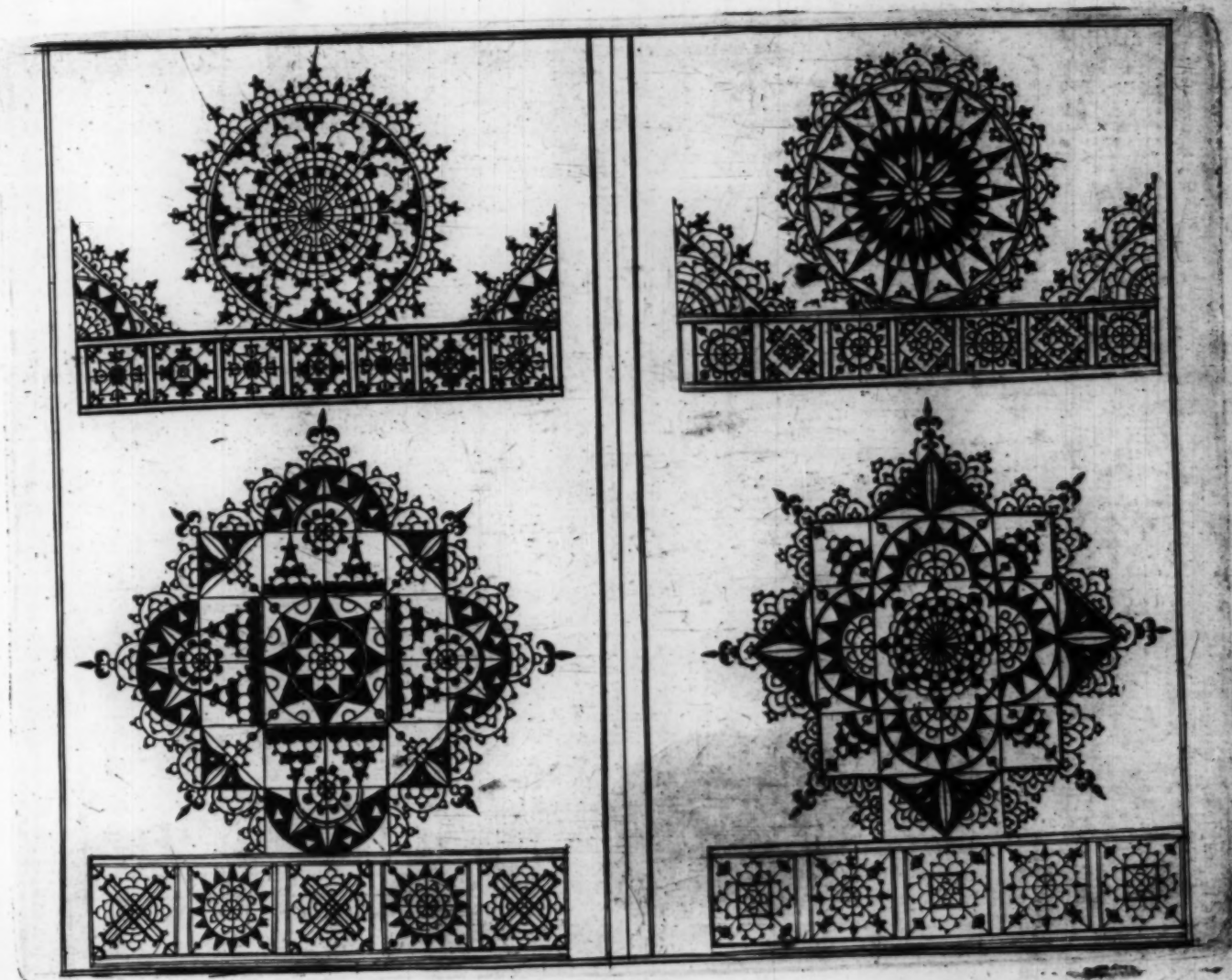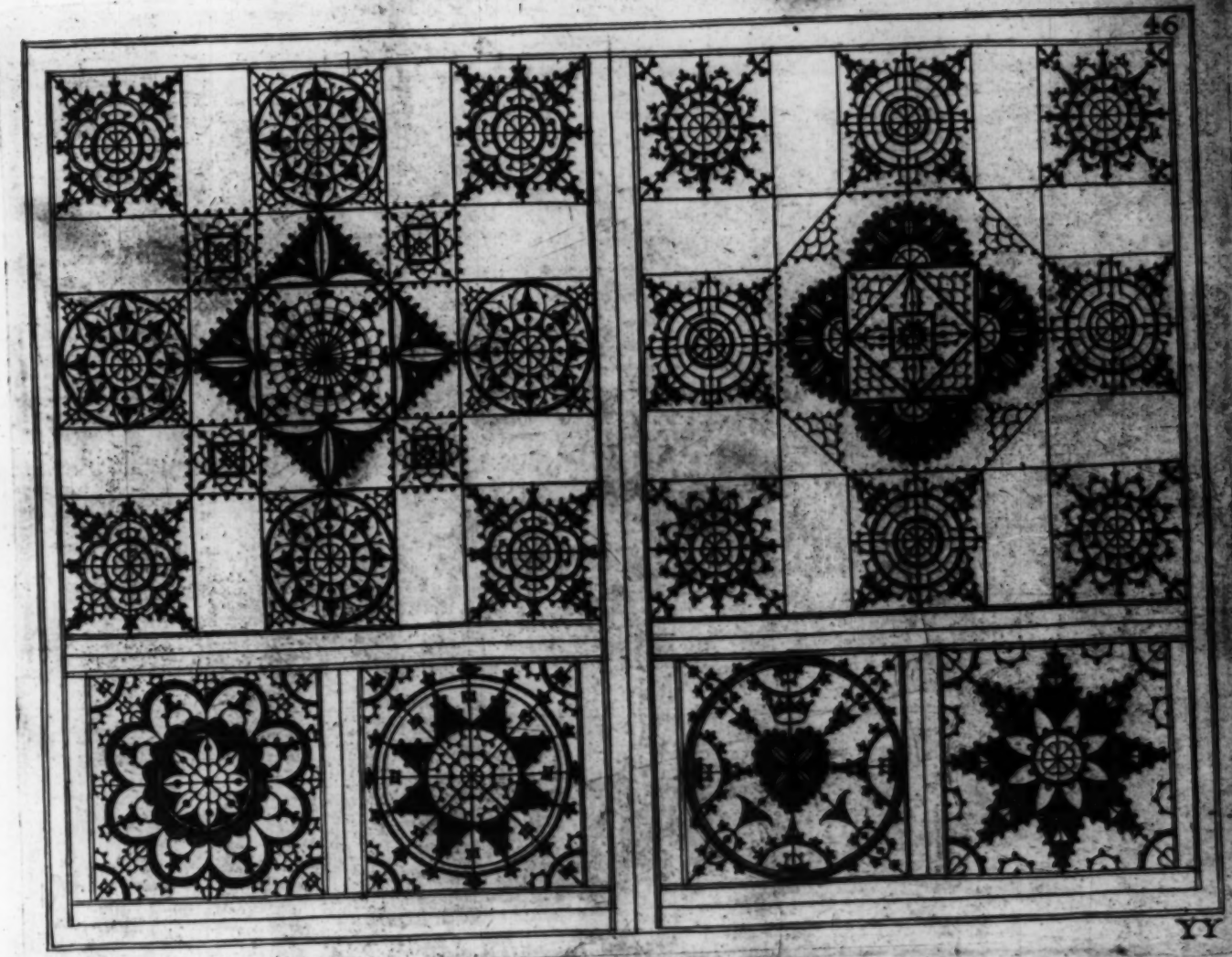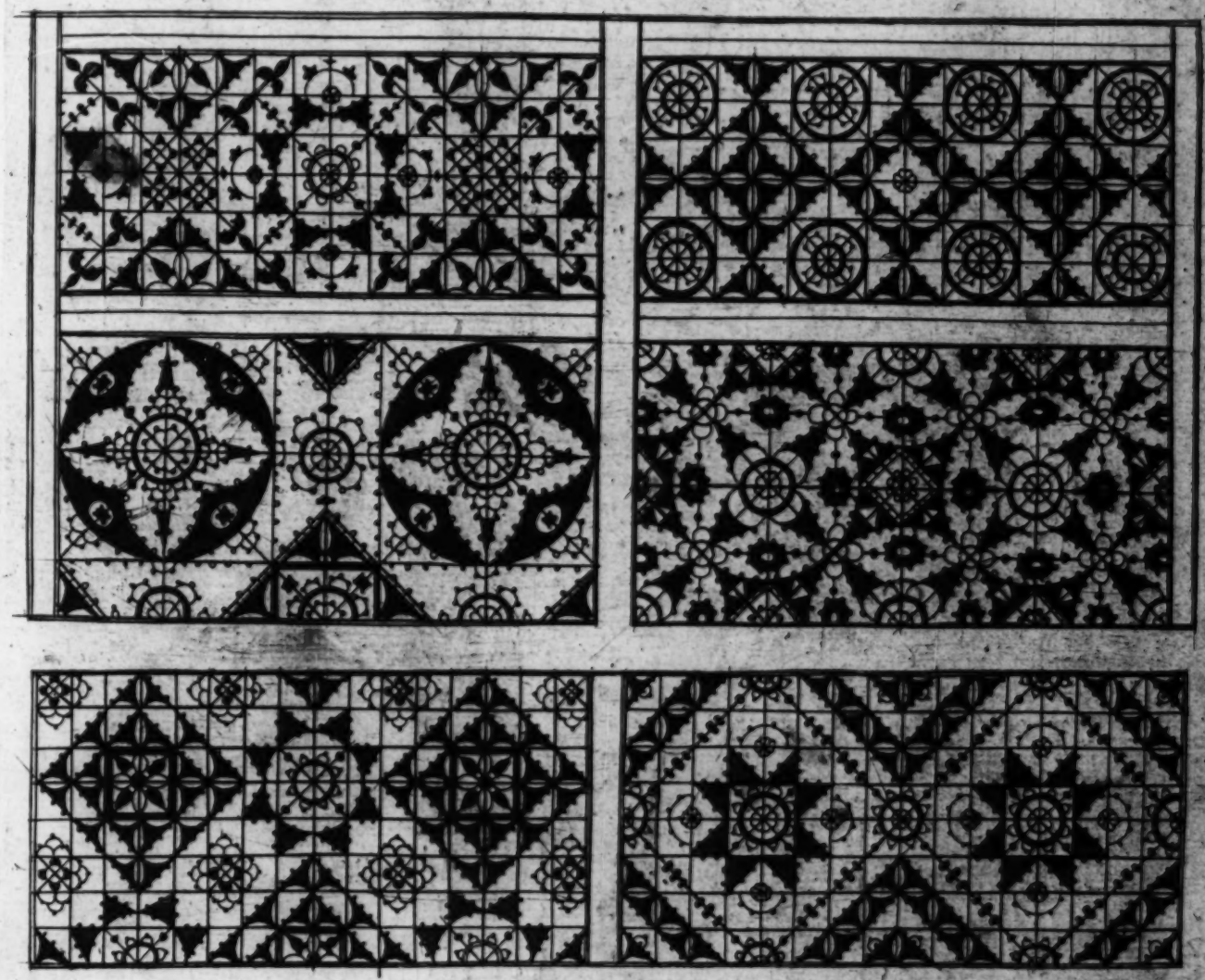
VIII